THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton, as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23 1884. NUMBER 8

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch.

A. M. KIMBOLTON:—We are always glad to receive news.

THERE will be services at the Baptist church next Sunday a 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30.

CORRESPONDENTS must send their full name every time. We cannot remember hand writing.

EVENING prayer will be said in Trinity Church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

THE AGE is under obligations to Mr. Ben Gardener for late copies of Chicago Tribune, and for other courtesies.

DR. O. C. FARQUHAR will meet his patients at the McDonald House Friday and Saturday, February 29 and March 1.

THE highest market price for produce at J. K. Johnson's.

MR. JAMES H. HAY received the most handsome valentine of any person in Coshocton; a back pension from 1864, secured through J. S. Elliott, the well-known pension attorney. Mr. Hay is a subject for congratulation.

MRS. MARY MILLER, mother of Sheriff Miller, died at the residence of her son Henry, in this town, Thursday last, in the 89th year of her age. She was probably the oldest woman in the county. She was interred Friday at Plainfield.

IF you want any staple and fancy groceries call on J. K. Johnson, at the C. O. D. Store.

FRIDAY night this county was treated to a cyclone in small proportions. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and considerable damage resulted to farmers, straw and hay stacks, fruit trees and timber being destroyed. In Coshocton several chimneys were demolished, and houses partially unroofed. The most serious occurred with the steel works. The south wall of the spring shop was completely demolished, and a good part of the roof destroyed. The loss will be about $600. The injury is not such as to stop work, and the entire establishment is run night and day.

THE best Teas and Coffees in the city at J. K. Johnson's.

MUSTERING officer, J. G. Magaw, Wednesday evening of this week instituted a Post of G. A. R. at New Castle. Twenty-three members were mustered in, and the name given is C. C. Nicholas Post, No. 394. The following are the officers: Post Commander, Geo. B. Wilson, New Castle: S. V. C., R. S. Holl, New Castle; J. V. C., W. R. Richard, New Castel; Adj't, Chas. Johnson, New Castle; Q. M., F. W. Cochran, New Castle; Surgeon, C. H. Pascol, Walhonding; Chaplain, N. B. Mills, New Castle; Officer Day, James Butler, New Castle; Officer G., Samuel Trott, Walhonding; Serg't Major, E. P. Parkhurst, Walhonding; Q. M. S., Hiram Wilson, New Castle.

THE sensation of the week has been the entertainment given by Prof. Schoemer, the mesmerist. Some remarkable phenomena have been produced, and the most skeptical can not but be convinced of the capabilities of the Prof. and the truth of the science. This is not an advertisement but a fact, as based upon our own observation and investigation. The Prof. will appear in the Opera House Friday and Saturday evening, and Saturday matinee. The matinee is especially for children and the admission will be ten tents. Adults 25 cents. Every person should attend. There has not appeared on the boards of the Coshocton Opera House in all its experience an entertainment that furnished one-half the amusement Prof. Schoemer does.

THE Times regrets to announce the very sudden death of Mrs. Wilson McClintock, which occurred at her home in this city Friday morning last. We understand she was only ill about thirty hours. Though an aged lady Mrs. McClintock had been in good health, we think, prior to her death. She was a noble, Christian woman and her death leaves a vacuum in the church and the home for which there is no substitute.—[Butler, Mo., Times. Mrs. McClintock was formerly a citizen of Roscoe, and a sister of Mrs. Thomas Ogleves, of Keene township.

Murder at Newcomerstown.

Two miles east of Newcomerstown lives John W. Brehmer. He is a drinker, and Thursday morning went home drunk. He accused his wife of infidelity and in an altercation that followed his twenty-two year old son—Jonas by name—defended his mother. This enraged his father, and he shot the son in the breast. At latest account death had not resulted, but physicians say he can not live. Brehmer has been arrested.

In the absence of further details and want of time to go to the scene, we make but brief mention.

IN response to the suggestion made in THE AGE last week, a meeting was called for Saturday evening to take action toward sending relief to the flood sufferers The attendance was slim; but an organization was effected and a committee appointed to solicit subscriptions to the cause, and a liberal subscription was made by those present. The committee appointed by the President of the meeting consisted of F. C. Hay, W. H. McCabe, C. B. Donaghy, Alex. Hay, Hugh Lynch, and Andrew Hartman. The result of their labors is shown in the following table:

J P Forbes	$50 00	Roy J H Conkle	1 00
F C Hay	50 00	H Collett	50
R O Martin	5 00	Jno Scherer	1 00
D C Martin	5 00	Jno G Stewart	10 00
Geo H Howe	1 00	F E Stokes	1 00
J F Meek	5 00	Jos Burrell	50
C B Hunt	1 00	Cash	25
J C Fisher	5 00	Bud McDonald	1 00
M McManus	10 00	Henry Hawley	25
Jos. Bonnath	1 00	D Williams	50
Beach & McCabe	5 00	H L Stocking	15
Cash	50	R R Lockard	25
J M. Markley	1 00	R Mott	25
Jas McClure	1 00	W McManus	25
Robt Dorsey	1 00	C M Voorhes	25
Jas Walters	1 00	O B McCleary	25
H C Herbig	5 00	F Pomerone	25
H Lorenz	1 00	A L Skinner	25
Dr McNaughton		O Smith	25
Cash	1 00	M D Hamilton	25
D Sohanfarbor	50	R F Lockard	2 00
J F Compton	2 00	Cash	25
Episcopal Church	6 85	J B Manners	1 00
Selby Moore & Caton	5 00	S Enslee	1 00
A H Stilwell	1 00	W W Shaw	50
H Blackman	1 00	Mrs F Kane	50
J Kitchens	1 00	Alex Hay	50
J Hoinsle	50	Lizzie Collier	2 00
B W Ricketts	1 00	German Church	8 50
C Shaffer	50	Baptist church	11 70
C S Raymer	50	Lottie Roso	1 00
Dr J Anderson	1 00	Mrs Hawthorne	1 00
Maj R Ransom	1 00	J W Burton	50
B A Stevenson	1 00	Elliott & Miller	50
Geo Sleigh	50	Cash	1 00
Geo C Lee	2 00	Jas H Hay	50
E T Spangler	5 00	Jno Ferrol	1 00
John Adams	1 00	Jas Scott	1 00
Jackson Hay	10 00	Cash	1 00
Dan Hogan	1 00	S B Peacock	50
D Shaver & Son	1 00	W W Seward	50
Thos Dwyer	5 00	G Shaver	50
Houston Hay	5 00	W W Wernett	50
Henry Hay	2 00	M F Steele	50
Mrs Sally Wood	1 00	J B Matthew	25
D Haight	50	O L Walker	50
Cash	50	O Soule	1 00
Cash	1 00	I McClain	25
Cash	50	R Hunt	25
Jno Mulligan	1 00	S Emerson	25
I K Beach	50	Cash	10
C E Burrell	50	C Barber	25
A Berkowitz	2 00	J Hill	25
R H Nugen	50	B F Ricketts	2 00
J no Davis	1 00	C Montgomery	25
A J Webb	1 00	C McCoy	1 00
Wright & Stanford	1 00	Mrs Thos Lour	1 00
Cash	1 00	J C Enoch	25
Cash	50	G Clark	50
J P Gabriel	1 00	Grace M E S	5 00
E Marks	50	Frankie Robinson	50
W H Bucklew	50	Presby'n Church	11 46
I McNary	50	Mrs O E Ransom	1 50
E McDonald	1 00	Mrs Scott and Deny sisters	3 00
J T Simmons	1 00	Prof Yarnell	2 00
W E Glosser	1 00	A Hartman	5 00
Mrs Geo Lorenz	2 00	J M Compton	5 00
Buckeye Stove Works	25	Cash	1 00
Cash	1 00	J L Morris	50
Cash	1 00	Chas Spangler	1 00
Cash	50	Mrs R Hay	1 00
Cash	50	Roy J M Jacquot	5 00
Mrs W Wright	5 00	Mrs Podlor	1 00
Wm Bachelor	5 00	East Div'n Schools	7 15
Jos Smalley	1 00	R H Lynde	1 00
W H Coo	1 00	J Bayar	50
Cash	50	R M Voorhes	5 00
		W S Hutchinson	1 00

In addition to this the Masons send $40, the Knights of Pythias $25, and the employes of the Steel Works $37. Two hundred dollars have been sent to the State Commission, the wants of sufferers at home looked after, and about $125 remain in hand, which will be sent away. Mr. J. C. Fisher is acting as Treasurer for the committee. The following letter will explain itself:

KEENE, O., Feb. 20, 1884.

MR. J. F. MEEK; DEAR SIR:—Please find enclosed $16 00 contributed by our village for the relief of sufferers by the late floods.

Yours respectfully,
D. G. WHITTEMORE.

This money was turned over to the Treasurer of the Relief Committee.

Roscoe also sent a liberal donation.

In addition to the cash subscriptions, a large amount of food and clothing was donated, which has been shipped.

Biggs & Crawford donated the proceeds from the sale of a silk dress.

Court of Common Pleas

Mahala McClain vs Alcinda Hardsock et al. Sale in partition confirmed.

The Grand Jury returned into court nineteen indictments on Saturday and were excused from further services until Monday, February 25, at 1:30 P. M., to which time court was adjourned by JudgeStillwell.

To Teachers and Advanced Scholars

The Spring term at the Zanesville Business College opens April 1. Address at once for full particulars Choguill & Parsons, Zanesville, O.

Feb. 23 4t.

The Farmer Institute.

During the meeting of the Institute the hall of the Coshocton Grange will be warmed and open to any of our farmer friends who may wish to bring their families and lunch baskets at the noon recesses.

D. F. DENMAN, Master.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Horrible Railroad Accident.

WEST LAFAYETTE, O., Feb. 19.—Probably the most disastrous wreck along this part of the Pan Handle occurred at Trenton, O., a few miles east of Lock 17, Monday morning. Your correspondent has just returned from the scene of the disaster, whereby he gleaned the following particulars

A west bound freight train was coming down the grade at that place at about 1:45 A. M., at the rate of 18 miles per hour, and the switch having been tampered with, the engine wheels on the right hand side followed one switch rail and the left kept the main track, as far as possible, and then it ran into the earth between the two tracks, plowing the track up for several yards. The cars following, of course, were thrown off the track in the utmost confusion. But little damage would have been done had not the lights been shaken out of the caboose and the flagman hurt so that before he could light up again the next section rounded the curve, and ere it could be stopped, ran into the first and completed the disaster by piling up and utterly destroying twenty-one cars and killing three men, and breaking an arm and a leg of another. One dead man and the wounded one were found, and the latter testified that that there were four men in the car at the time, and that the two must be underneath the debris; if so, they, too, are dead. Two young men from Dennison and Uhrichsville are missing, and it is thought that they are the two unfound, as they got on at Denninson and have not been heard of since. Two hats were found, one of which the mother of one of the missing boys testifies was her son's or just like his.

A young man living near by testified that the noise awaking him, he went to the window and seeing two well dressed men, inquired the cause of the disturbance, and they replied—"a wreck." They did not appear again on the scene, hence, the supposition that they were the guilty parties, since it is acknowledged that the switch had been tampered with.

It is gratifying to say that the railroad employes were not in the least to blame in this wreck.

Trains were stopped for just twelve hours lacking ten minutes which, considering the debris removed, was a short time.

The dead man and the wounded were taken to Dennison. The other two have not been found. L. F. J.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Since the above was in type we have received a well written account from a Newcomerstown correspondent, from which we make an extract. After describing the accident, he says:

A man named McCullough, whose home was in Wheeling, W. Va., was taken from the wrecked timbers with his head horribly crushed, and he died in a few minutes. Another man, who was no doubt a tramp, but whose name is unknown, was taken out badly crushed, but was still able to speak and and tell his rescuers that two more men were buried beneath the terrible wreck, as he said there were four of them stealing a ride in a box car, on their way to Chicago. The man McCullough was well dressed, and was a glass blower by trade. He had some money on his person.

The dead remains of the other two men were not found until Wednesday. The wreck was such a fearful one that it was hard to clear away the debris and get to them. One of them was a son of Joseph Morehead, of Uhrichsville, and the other one is unknown.

There is now no doubt but that the train wreckers intended to wreck the west bound morning passenger train and then pillage and plunder the passengers, but that train was late and the two freights were run out of Dennison ahead of the express, and thus by the merest accident was avoided a more terrible disaster and frightful loss of life. Both engines were badly used up, and one of them was almost completely dismantled and little left but the boiler.

There is now a clue to the perpetrators, and some parties have already been arrested, and there were two other suspicious characters who were noticed to suddenly disappear just after the wreck occurred.

New Moscow.

The Cornet Band have received their new instruments. They are Piston light valve of Wurletzer Bros. make, Cincinnati, O. The boys seem well pleased with them and are laboring faithfully to have one of the best bands in the county, and also to have one of the best entertainments ever given in this part of the country. They have added "Hans Von Smash" to their program. The entertainment will be given some time next month.

Frightful Accident—West Bedford News.

A frightful accident occurred in the southwest corner of Perry township, about ten o'clock, Tuesday of this week. The boiler of the saw mill owned by James Holmes & Bros., exploded and killed two men instantly—Samuel J. Buckmaster and Henry Ridenbaugh. Buckmaster was horribly mutilated; one leg was torn off at the hip, the abdomen torn open and the entrails exposed to view, and his clothing stripped off. Young Ridenbaugh was blown a considerable distance, his head striking a tree, whereby his skull was horribly crushed. There were four other men at the mill at the time of the explosion: Isaac Rine, a gentleman named Oxley, one of the Holmes, and the fireman, whose name your correspondent could not learn. Mr. Holmes was filing the saw when the explosion occurred. These gentleman escaped serious injuries, although they were badly shocked and may be disabled for a few days. Their escape from instantaneous death is almost maraculous. Ridenbaugh and Buckmaster were married. The boiler bursted from the fire box back. The sad accident has cast a gloom over the entire community, and will furnish food for conversation for days to come. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved friends.

The community was very much shocked Friday evening by the report that Mrs. Elizabeth Cox was dying; and in fifteen minutes after she was attacked she was a corpse. She was 77 years of age, and was the daughter of John McNabb, one of the pioneer settlers of this township. BEDFORD.

Newcomerstown

Last Friday and Saturday the water in the canal was very clear, so clear that the bottom could be seen, and it was noticed that the fish moved through the water very slowly and stupidly. This at once suggested the idea of hooking and gigging them, and in a short space of time every one was out on the canal bank with hooks, gigs and pitchforks, capturing the fish in large quantities. Never before in the history of our place was anything like this noticed. The fish would act as though they were bewildered. A person could drop a hook down in close proximity to a member of the finny tribe, and without any trouble land the fish on the bank. All day Friday and Saturday people pursued this occupation, and the quantity of fish of all descriptions that was removed from the canal was enormous. Several theories have been advanced as to the cause of this peculiar conduct of the fish, but none as yet seem to be satisfactory. No doubt the editor of THE AGE could enlighten us on the subject.

[NOTE:—THE AGE is not devoted to scientific subjects, but we believe the phenomenon related by our correspondent is explainable. One writer on the finny tribe says that "fish are gregarious, swimming in shoals," and in larger bodies of water where they are in abundance, these shoals consist of great multitudes. A peculiarity of some kinds of fish is that at certain periods of the year they make transmigrations, and when departing from a pool that gives evidence of drying up, they direct "their course toward a place where water is more abundant." Their instinct is very subtile and acute, and their actions often give evidence of the probability of water becoming scarce days before the same is apparent to mankind. In the case related by our correspondent, it is possible their instinct told them the water was likely to give out because of breaks in the canal. This is a scientific theory.

A more plausible one, however, is that the acute instinct of these finny inhabitants of the ague breeding water course, discerned that a great battle was to occur over the channel they inhabit, and they sought impalement upon a pitchfork or other warlike weapon, rather than witness the disgraceful scenes soon to occur. It is well known, that under the new regime, brought forth by the late election, there are ten aspirants for every position in connection with the management of the canal, and it is possible the fishes have been poisoned on their over dose of Democracy.—ED. AGE.]

Mr. C. W. Knisely, who graduated but recently from Duff's Business College at Pittsburgh, received, last week, a position in the institution as instructor. We are glad to note this fact as Mr. Knisely is a young man of talent and capable of occupying a position like the one he has been entrusted with.

The Methodist Protestant Church has just closed a successful series of meetings. A goodly number unite with the church.

The ex-Soldiers and Sailors Association of this place, will hold their annual re-union supper in Crater's Hall, Friday evening, of this week.

Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 29 and March 1, have been selected for the Dramatic entertainments to be given by the members of the Y. F. C. U. of this place. As before mentioned the popular drama entitled "The Golden Farmer," will be presented by the young people. In addition to the exceedingly laughable farce 'Intrigue' will also be given. DOANE.

Wakatomika.

Although the rains have descended and the floods have come, yet the people of this place have not been washed away, but we believe we prefer the dashing flood to the splashing mud, as we have been nearly buried in dust and water for the last few days.

Extensive changes have occurred since our last. Mr. L. S. Reasoner, our post-master and merchant, has sold his establishment to Mr. Cyrus McFarland, who, with his son-in-law, Mr. Howell, will issue rations to the hungry denizen of this mud-bound land We are sorry to lose the society of Mr. Reasoner and his inestimable wife, and good wishes and regrets attend them.

Mr. J. P. Staggers has disposed of his good will and business apartments to Wm. McBride, and will try his luck in Indiana. He holds an auction on Saturday, March 1. We don't know who will be missed more than John. Mr. McBride will hold the fort in John's absence.

Lew Stanford will sell his household furniture and farming utensils March 1st, preparatory to leaving for Kansas.

Mrs. Mary Parrish has sold her home in this village to Mr. Howard Croy.

Mr. Jacob Croy takes possession of his new home near Adams Mills, this week.

On All Fool's day every third man in the township will be seeking a new "roost."

Mrs. Hannah Lee is very dangerously ill.

Dr. E. Cone, who has been sinking for some months past, is improving somewhat.

Mr. Lee Trego gave a leap year party at his home one day last week, in honor of the first birthday of his only daughter. Mr. Howard Croy likewise and ditto the same, only it was not a leap year party, it was a—— boy.

Mrs. Martha Mossman dislocated one of her own shoulders in trying to locate a shoulder of meat. It is a painful injury.

Mr. Oman Butler, while chopping wood at the mill of Early & Wright, buried the axe in the thick part of his foot, which will lay him up for months to come.

Mr. John Hewitt and sister Josie, two genial visitors from Circleville, have been the guests of the Misses Sallie and Lide Stafford the past three weeks or more. They could not get away for the floods, but no one was sorry, as they made many warm friends, who were sorry when at last they left.

Mr. F. A. Stafford's surprise wedding anniversary was a grand success.

Mr. G. W. Cooper lost a valuable watch while returning from the anniversary above mentioned.

Wakatomika school will close Saturday, March 1, and Chalfant's school a week later.

On the evening of March 8, Chalfant's Cornet Band is announced to give an entertainment consisting of farces, music, etc.

IRA L. SHARP.

Dresden

We are doing all we can for the relief of the flood sufferers. The Dresden Cornet Band is receiving contributions at their hall over J. P. Bryant's store, and are making daily shipments to the General Relief Committee at Columbus. It is astonishing to see the vast amount of different articles of food, clothing, money, etc., that comes pouring in from every direction; no one seems slack in giving. If we meet any one carrying a ham, shoulder or side of meat, a bushel of potatoes, sack of flour, or any kind of bundle, and inquire where they are going, the answer will be "to the band room." We have very sad intelligence from Prof. Joseph Rea, our former Superintendent of our school here. He had charge of the schools at Hanging Rock, Ohio, and was driven out by the flood and was obliged to live in a tent on the hill with all his family sick, and little Georgie, one of his little boys, died. Prof. Palmer, our present Superintendent, suggested to the schools that a donation be made for Prof. Rea, and in a very short time large quantities of various articles of food, clothing and money was piled up for Prof. Palmer to forward. The Dresden Cornet Band gave a grand social at music hall on Friday evening, the 22d, for the benefit of the flood sufferers. James P. Bryant is the shipping clerk.

On Tuesday night we had a violent wind storm with some snow, which did considerable damage.

Health good, business a trifle dull, but we are living on the RESERVE.

Keene.

The sick of our village are Miss Annie Adams, Mrs. Rebecca Lockard and Mrs. John Bechtol.

Rev. Hushour has closed his revival meetings. About fifteen accessions to the church.

Rev. W. D. Wallace is holding services at the Presbyterian church. The attendance is not large, owing to the inclement weather. We hope for better roads and more favorable weather, and we feel assured the attendance will increase.

Our friends, Wm. Smith and wife and mother, of St. Louis, are visiting here.

Our neighbor, J. H. Bechtol, upon going to his wheat bin a few days ago was surprised to find that somebody had been there before him and had taken all it contained—about 15 bushels.

Mr. Friend has gone to Zanesville on business, but will return in a few days.

Our Board of Education has established a central township school, which has been in progress for years, and has been a success, although at first it had a great deal of opposition. It is in session ten months in the year, and at present is under the superintendency of Prof. T. D. Duncan. Our Board aims to levy enough tax for nine months school in each year, and if the local Boards are careful in selecting teachers, and hire only those who have the qualifications, and not simply anyone because he may teach for little money, our sub-district schools will rank among the best in the county. At present our sub district has able teachers, and our schools are good; and we hope those who have the employing of summer teachers may take into consideration that cheap teachers often prove to be the very ones they do not want. O. Z.

Plainfield.

Our young blacksmith, Mr. Joseph Sheets, and Miss Clara Banks, daughter of Benj. Banks, were married at the Methodist parsonage here on Tuesday, Feb. 12th, Rev. D. Truman officiating.

Maj. T. J. Platt, of our town, received a telegram on Saturday last from Muskegon county, Mich., stating that his brother, R. V. Platt, was about to die from congestion of the lungs. The Major started to Michigan immediately on receiving word.

The children of Mrs. Thomas Alexander, of this neighborhood, gave their mother a surprise party on Saturday last. A good dinner and several nice presents were the order of the day.

Charley, son of F. H. Magness, of this place, came home on Monday last from Zanesville on a week's visit to parents and friends.

The price of corn in this market is 70 to 75 cents. Hay $8 a ton. Stock has wintered well so far without being fed much grain. Hay and fodder are generally of an excellent quality. M.

Avondale

J. W. Shie, a prominent pedagogue of this place, is suffering from rheumatism. Mrs. Wilber Parks, who had a stroke of paralysis, is recovering slowly. Mr. Thomas Hamilton has been suffering for a week from a severe pain in the ear. J. D. Norman, of Bowman, was thrown from his horse on the frozen ground, last Thursday morning, and received a very serious wound in the hip.

Quite a number of the young folks of this community made a farewell call at the house of Mr. J. J. Lockard on Friday evening and had an enjoyable time.

The Choral Union here under the directions of Prof. Benbow, will have their concert on Thursday evening, March 27.

Rev. Thompson, of Millersburg, will preach in the U. P. Church in this place on the third Sabbath in March.

The average daily pay of school teachers in this township is one dollar and seventy-five cents.

The wind storm which passed through here did considerable damage.

A. C. E.

Orange.

Mr. Isaac Norris sold his forty-six acre farm to Mrs. Ann Emerson, including fifty-seven head of sheep, seven head of cattle and one hog. Consideration $2630.

On Thursday of last week our church bell was rung, and in a few minutes a lot of willing hands reported with buckets, brooms and shovels, and in about two hours it was nicely scrubbed out. Sabbath School was well attended, regardless of mud, superintended by Mr. A. Peck.

Mr. M. Graham went to Coshocton the 18th inst. to make arrangements for the transportation of his household goods to Kansas, Mr. J. A Walters, his tenant, having purchased a little home of forty acres out there; so it appears to be necessary for Mr. Graham to go to look after his Kansas farm.

Mr. D. Norris took the cars the 18th inst. for Davis county, Kansas.

The high water with us has left two immense fields—one upon each side of the river. B.

[This correspondent relates a fish story similar to that reported in our Newcomerstown letter; some of the fish caught weighed six pounds.]

THE FLOODS.

A Racy Description by an Eye Witness of the Destruction of the Great Floods in the Ohio Valley

Rev. Geo. A. Marshall, pastor of the M. E. Church at Middleport, Meigs county, and a former resident of Bedford township, this county, sends us the following:

None but those who have been eye witnesses can have correct ideas of the floods of 1884. New Orleans of ago was considered county, Miss., outable, but it was as a lamb to[illegible] and pared to its successor.

Perhaps the mystery with many who are away from the river is, why merchants did not move their goods, and families their household effects to higher grounds when there were strong indications for high water. There are different solutions to this problem. They judged of the future by the past. The flood of last year was an event of such unusual occurrence that they could not think this one could equal it. Besides that, they were lulled to quietness by false telegrams and false messages delivered by boats from up the river. On the 7th, when the river was coming out of its banks in places, I talked with a number of business men, and suggested that they had better prepare for the worst backing my fears upon the immense snow fall along the Ohio valley, together with the rain and the swollen condition of tributary streams. The reply almost invariably would be that their fears were removed by word brought from up the river.

On the morning of the 8th the water was found to be higher than one year ago, but still as two feet were necessary to reach most of the business houses men were slow to believe it would reach them, and when they saw it would reach their buildings, they thought it certainly could not be high enough to reach the counters, and so piled their goods thereon, and when the water come above this point they were powerless.

Many families in the lower parts of town lived in one-story houses, and though what skiffs and jo boats there were, were plied manfully, many could not secure relief, and had to flee for life and leave their goods entirely to the mercy of the waters.

Hence there are many families without a thing in the world but what they have on their backs, even their homes swept away or wrecked.

Your correspondent decided to "hold the fort" no longer, about 11 o'clock, a. m, on the 8th. The water then was about 18 inches below us. Some of our neighbors, anxious to save us from unnecessary labor and expense, kindly suggested that we were in no danger, but we replied that it was coming closer than was congenial to our comfort.

By the time we were done loading the last load, the water was all around the house, and nearly deep enough in the street to run into the wagon bed While the water was at about its highest point, I went to the high hills just above and back of our town, and by the aid of an opera glass "took in" the sight. Without the the sight it is impossible to imagine the impression it makes upon the mind. If the misery and destruction can be dismissed from the mind while looking, the scene is a grand one.

Above us one mile is Pomeroy, whose fine brick buildings are just receiving the Ohio river as a guest into the third story. Some buildings are up-ended, some floating off, others held by ropes, many with just the roofs out. Just in front of us is Coalport, but about all that can be seen is the roofs of houses.

Next is our town. The most of which is on higher ground than Pomeroy, but many houses are up-ended, floated from their foundations or swept away entirely. On below, the river can be seen for perhaps a dozen miles. Here is the grand scene. We do try our best, in spite of our over-wrought sympathy for the suffering, to forget, for a moment, who we are and where we are, and look at the grand spectacle.

We are strikingly impressed with the majestic grandeur of the swollen stream. She extends from hill to hill. Below our town, which is perhaps two miles in length, there is considerable bottom land on either side the river, all of which is inundated. Within our vision below is Columbia, on the Virginia side and Cheshire, on the Ohio side. This mighty moving lake of water, thickly dotted with treetops and housetops, and innumerable skiffs and jo-boats, and occasionally a government relief steamer, was truly a grand spectacle. But the mind can not long dwell upon the beauties of the scene, for thinking of its miseries. Frequently a house is seen which, perhaps, was somebody's all. One of the most distressing sights is a house floating down with a woman on the roof. Some men went out to her in a skiff but she refused to leave the house, [illegible] voices of boys, [illegible] diabolic, till the whole land hears the wailing and the shriek, and with all the emphasis of the psalmist in the text we can appropriately cry: "The Much have lifted up, O, suffering and, since the first day or two, not much suffering has been experienced here from cold or hunger. The town Council made immediate provision, and the Government is now sending in supplies daily. But the ruin that is witnessed, now that the river is within its banks, is indescribable. In some stores shelving came loose and everything was found in a confused mass of mud on the floors. In one general store sacks of flour were found on shelves with the ends off and flour and dough running down on the floor and mingling with dry goods, boots and shoes, etc. Mothers are found working beyond their strength, and weeping bitterly over clothes, bedding, and everything destroyed and nothing to buy again with. It is hoped that much of this burden of sorrow will be lifted from their hearts by relief that is coming in.

Among the property injured was our own church. It had been, during the past year, thoroughly repaired, and the last indebtedness had just been paid by hard work, and the church was in a prosperous condition; more so, it is said, than for many years. It would now take near $1000 to put us where we were, and our main supporters broken. It does look dark before us just now. As we stepped out of our church yesterday our noble Sunday School Superintendent said: "Brother Marshall, we started out this year with bright hopes, but how changed everything looks now."

This letter is not written exclusively for the purpose of begging, but I do want to hint real loudly, before closing, that if some of my old friends and friends of Methodism will send us a contribution, it will be very gratefully received. Send to myself or the Board of Trustees of the M. E. Church, Meigs county, Ohio, and it will be duly receipted.

With kindly greeting to my old friends, I remain yours etc.,

O. A. M.

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THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age

WHATCOM, W. T., January 30, 1884. The alleged discovery of gold at the base of the Coeur d' Alene Mountains and the other rumor that the Spokane River has actually turned yellow from the abrasions of gold in its bosom, have turned the heads of everybody up in this neighborhood, as I presume they have the heads of large numbers of wealth-seekers at the East and elsewhere in the States. But to sit in one's parlor and read and talk about gold and silver mines, and the sudden gathering of great riches therefrom, is one thing, and the actual, palpable, tangible fact of grasping the precious metals, is quite another thing. Though but a few weeks have passed since the first reported discoveries of gold quartz at the Coeur d' Alene mines, there are hundreds of people who have gone thither under the most distressing circumstances, and whose lives since they have arrived there have been nothing but an incessant misery. It is a distance of twenty-eight miles to the nearest point at which there is even a wagon road, though the path for one has been duly blazed and surveyed and will doubtless be in traveling condition by the time this reaches you.

Belknap, which is the point spoken of, has until now been an unpretentious sort of a town, but under the golden stimulus it has become at a bound a point of prime importance. It is the source, and the only source, for the supplies that go out to the Spokane, as well as those for the Coeur d' Alene, which up to this time have been carried upon the backs of mules and horses at least twenty of the twenty-eight miles. The Belknap Improvement Company in conjunction with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, are building the road to the mines, and a line of stages will be put upon it at once. Whether gold or any other of the precious metals will be found here in sufficient quantities to warrant the investment of capital to obtain the machinery for working the mines, nobody waits to ascertain. The capital is already invested, the machinery is ordered, and the mines will be worked, whether the investors realize anything from it or not.

As I passed over this identical region last summer, perhaps the remainder of this letter would be profitably employed in giving a description of the country immediately adjacent to the New Eldorado. The w[illegible] nate, I may say escaped destruction to return to [illegible]them; while hundreds and thousands will find nothing but ruins where their [illegible] stood. A majority of these pro[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]ared [illegible] for going down [illegible] the plateau of the lowest of the range of mountains into the valley below, the traveler seems to pass from the summer temperature of Maine to that of South Carolina, nor is he conscious during the journey of an hour, of being above the level of an ordinary hilly country. And stranger than all, there is no waste land in all the roundabout region save on the steep slopes of the mountain range. It is, of course, sparsely settled as yet, as I have said, the prospect of a golden stake will speedily fill up every valley and dot every hill with the habitations of that swarming immigration that will have its agricultural resources to fall back upon whenever its mineral product shall fail. It is a better grain country than even Eastern Dakota, besides being exempt from the severity of the Dakota winters.

The Coeur d' Alene canyon, along which passes the Northern Pacific road, is in summer a spot that is simply sublime in the beauty and the variety of the scenery along the way. The Cabinet range of mountains with their hidden wealth of mineral, marble and granite, present to the beholder the only unbroken forest of excellent timber from which lumber may be supplied to the settler for many a year to come. This timber is presumably divided into nearly equal parts of white pine, yellow pine, fir, cedar, tamerack, and hemlock. Soon will the buzz of a thousand saws and the ringing echo of the axe resound throughout these vast forests, and the monarchs that have stood the blasts of ages must bow before the inevitable fiat of civilization.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Feb. 1, 1884. —Dealing in generalization as a sort of wind-up of my correspondence from this section of the far Northwest, I must be permitted to say that the migrating impulse of the American people seizes upon altogether too many of those who would, or rather can do better by staying at home. There are classes who cannot get inured to hardships of any kind; there are other classes who will not work out even their own salvation, and who prefer starvation and dependence rather than contribute to the industry that makes up a new country; there are still other classes who came here already rich in expectancy, deeming that food—like manna in the wilderness—had only to be gathered without labor and eaten without thought of the scriptural declaration about the process of perspiration. I doubt if one in ten of those who have become inhabitants of this new country could, upon an exigency, tell why he had come. Here are merchants who were thriving at their Eastern homes, mechanics who earned more wages in a day at home than they can earn here in a week at much harder labor; farmers who had never a thought that they could not raise enough on their own farms to sustain themselves through the winter, be it never so tedious. And with these have come the gambler, the speculator, the grog seller, the preacher and doctor, all of whom have a pretty sure thing of it so far as growing up with the country is concerned.

At the mention of the projecting of a new town, all of these people, some with, and more without, earthly possessions and ambitions, move forward and occupy the site as if they were an army obeying orders for its investment. And what a wonderful social organization such a community is! Here is a baker almost direct from his German Faderland; the brick-layer and mortar-mixer from Ireland, via Chicago; the milliner and mantua-makers from St. Paul or Minneapolis, where her high prices have worn out her welcome; the Chinese laundry-man from the Pacific Slope; the blacksmith, the carpenter, the butcher, the beer-seller, the grocer, and all the other constituent parts of a complete community—all hieing to a remote spot in a comparatively unknown land, and all without any positive aim in life, or motive for living all, except the one impulse to get further west!

The preliminaries to the settlement of a region like this, are the true test of the best qualities of humanity. He who advances civilization by confining himself and family for months, and maybe for years, beneath the dirt-roof of the shack, and having no other carpet than that afforded by well-pounded mud, is a type of the best of our civilizing material. He may be rude in his mode of living, yet be refined in all that tends to enliven social intercourse. With his shack the settler who proposes to go into husbandry for his subsistence, builds a log stable of the most primitive character, has a corral for his stock, and these complete his pretensions for farming. Thus equipped he is the great American pioneer, a hardy, robustious, intelligent [illegible]lighting in[illegible] [illegible]il and the [illegible] that are located which he [illegible]ted districts there are [illegible] the competen[illegible] houses [illegible] declining years. Proud of his place as a private in the grand army of civilization, he holds fast to the homestead that a magnanimous Government has given him, and toils on, indifferent to the turmoil of the outer world, and happy in his compulsory isolation. The only title to distinction that he covets, is that of being an old resident—a pioneer—and when, in the midst of that festive throng that gather in the bar-room on Saturday nights, he brings his fist down on the bar and proclaims his seniority as a resident, he feels as genuine a pride as did the Roman citizen of old when he boasted of a share in the empire of the world.

TEMPERANCE IN IOWA.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

DALLAS, IOWA, Feb. 1.—Since the Supreme Judges of Iowa gave their decision against the amendment papers of your State, and others have been stating that the temperance cause was lost in Iowa. I am glad to say that this is a mistake. The will of the people cannot be over-ruled in Iowa. When the amendment carried by 30,000 majority, the Governor issued his proclamation declaring it to be a part of the Constitution. In the new hearing ex-Judge Nourse and Senator Wilson showed in their pleadings that it was part of the Constitution. Then at the Republican State convention the party endorsed it again; and it being the first time they had an opportunity to show what they meant, they laid Judge Day on the shelf, and will lay the other three on the same shelf. Then at the polls in November they said by 25,000 majority and a Prohibition Legislature, that it is part of the Constitution. Again, on the 23d and 24th of January, we had a State temperance convention at Des Moines where we had many able speakers, among whom were Mrs. Ellen Foster, of Clinton this State, Mrs. Kimble, of Chicago, and Bishop Hurst, of Des Moines, who addressed us, and we again endorsed it in various ways, and appointed a committee of three to see that every temperance law passed was properly on the journals.

The writer was a delegate to said convention from this county. There are many strong bills before the Legislature with strong penalties, and they will pass. Then when our much esteemed Governor sent his message to the Legislature, he again declared it a part of the Constitution and the will of the people. Now, as to the falling off of the Republican majority, I would say that many Republicans whose greatest ambition was drink, voted with the opposition, and but few of the temperance men of the opposition voted with us. They were so hungry for office, and so eager to defeat Senator Allison, that their better judgment was overpowered. Many of them wi stand by us, however, from this time on. The time is on us when Christians and lovers of good morals must lay aside party prejudices, and stand by the right and against the rum power.

Now as it respects the traffic and sale of liquors, there is some smuggled in and we occasionally see a drunken man, but it is the exception and not the rule. At our Fourth of July celebration, at Pleasantville, in this county, there were 5,000 persons present, and not a drunken man on the ground. Now, if the amendment should die, 155,000 of Iowa voters will know the reason why.

When I think of what the rum power has done for my young associates in Coshocton county, I say fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, raise your voices, votes and every power that God gave you against the rum power, for you don't realize it as we (having been away from there for 31 years, except three short visits) when we inquire where our comrades are, and find what the rum power has done for them. God save us from this power. J. S. C.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

WICHITA, Kansas, February 9, '84. Having received many letters of inquiry from Coshocton county concerning Kansas, and this county and town in particular, I will, with your permission write a few lines for publication in the columns of your widely circulated paper. I have been here since the 26th of October, 1883, and have made it my business, as far as practicable, to gain all the information concerning "drouthy Kansas" possible.

My knowledge outside of this county is, however, very defective, as I have only visited two other counties, and then hurriedly.

Wichita lies at the junction of the Little Arkansas with the main Arkansas river on the east side. The situation is 50 miles north from the Indian Territory and 220 south-west of Kansas City. Rail-roads lead into it from the east, west, north and south. The Wichita & Western was built last year from Wichita to Kingman, and will be extended to Dodge City this spring, and will form part of the main line of Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe The Ft. Scott & Wichita will be extended to Anthony, Harper county, this spring.

The growth of Wichita seems to speak well for the surrounding country. There were last year between 700 and 800 houses of various kinds built in the city, and the gas works, water works and a line of street railway were completed.

It has besides these improvements three weekly newspapers, one daily newspaper, a telephone office, two express offices, a large opera house, four brick school-houses, an high school, ten churches, six banks, six grain elevators, four flour mills, two foundry and machine shops, many lumber and coal yards, a creamery, brewery, crackery and candy factory, artificial stone works and *many saloons*. In fact, there is lively competition in all branches of business. Sedgewick is now the leading corn county in the State. Her corn crop for 1883 is placed at 6,000,000 bushels; wheat crop at 3,000,000; oat crop at 1,500,000; hay crop at 150,000 tons and the potato crop at 150,000 bushels. Such evidences of fertility becoming known, it is not to be wondered at that immigration is great. The result of this increase in population has been to increase the prices of real estate both in town and country from 50 to 100 per cent. in the last two years. The lands of the country is about equally divided between low up-lands and bottoms. The soil of the Arkansas valley is a black, sandy loam——warm, early and strong.

If the season is exceedingly wet the bottoms may become too moist for the best crops, and in very dry weather the uplands may suffer, but destructive droughts or drowning out seasons seldom come, for the porosity of the soil provides against either.

Treeless bottom and prairie lands constitue ninety-nine per cent. of the county, except the area of cultivated timber—wild timber being unknown for practical uses. Cultivated timber is receiving considerable attention.

Coal and corn-cobs consitute the chief fuel. Coal is worth from five to seven dollars per ton; corn-cobs sell at one dollar per load.

Water is found here at a depth not greater than to a level with the surface of the Arkansas River. After all that has been written about the Arkansas River, I never, until coming here, understood the exact nature of the stream It may be of interest to some of your readers to say a few words of this, to me, very singular river. As we all know, it rises in the Rocky Mountains, mid everlasting hills and snows, and flows a southeasterly course and empties into the Mississippi, a distance of over 2,000 miles. It flows through this county diagonally from northwest to southeast. It is a broad but shallow stream, with numerous islands, low but well defined banks, which vary from four to ten feet in height. The remarkable features of this river are that although draining a large extent of territory before reaching Kansas and carrying the melting snows in June, July and August from the mountains, it never overflows its comparatively low banks, but its waters are very singularly kept within the bed of the stream, which is said to work a great benefit to the soil for miles on either side. The bed of the stream through its entire course in Kansas is composed of sand and gravel, as is also the subsoil of the valley lands. This surplus of water spreads itself through the subsoil instead of overflowing the country, as would be the case if the subsoil were clay. This in very dry seasons produces very beneficial results to crops. I am informed that this porous subsoil so completely drinks up the water that during the great portion of the season the stream is fordable. It is at this place about 300 yards wide, but is not at all navigable.

The Little Arkansas is a very fine stream of pure, never-failing water, and is a source of reliable water power.

The Ninnescah River flows through the southwestern corner of this county, where may be found some very fine wheat producing lands. In addition to these are Sand Creek, Smoots Creek, Clearwater, Chisholm Creek and Cowskin. All of these streams are fringed with more or less timber, and all of whose valleys go to make up the great area of valley lands. These lands rank foremost in the production of corn and potatoes, although uplands in favorable seasons produce good corn and are considered better for wheat. All kinds of vegetables do well here except late potatoes.

Fruit culture is receiving considerable attention, and with very satisfactory results. One man, I am told, marketed last year in Wichita 30,000 bushels of peaches, at prices ranging from 50 cents to $1.50. He has a quarter section in fruit trees. Raw lands may be had here at from $10 to $20 per acre. Improved farms are selling at $25 to $125 per acre, according to improvements and location. There seems to be quite a land boom and farms are changing hands daily. The tide may turn in a few years and land will not sell so readily but so long as crops continue to do well, just so long will real estate continue to go higher.

Wichita is now the fifth city in size in the State, having a population of 11,000.

Wheat is worth 83 cents a bushel, corn 33 and 34 cents, oats 20 cents, rye 50 cents, potatoes 80, beans 6 cents a pounds, hay per ton $5.

We have had a very pelasant winter so far, with some moderately cold weather, but very little snow. Have never at any time had enough snow to hide the ground. It of course makes us think of old times when we read of the delightful sleighing you are having in Ohio, but we are very well satisfied to exchange snow, mud and hills, for dry, frozen and level roads. With a buggy and a pair of ponies, which are plentiful, we can beat the time made by Dresdenites to Thos. McKee's party, and not upset either. We think upon the whole that we have a good country.

In a recent letter from our esteemed friend, A. J. Gibson, we read something like this: "From what I can learn from various sources, I am almost persuaded that not far from Wichita is where Abraham and Lot separated, Abraham going into the Indian Territory and Lot going into the mountains; but at present my sky is not altogether clear on this important subject." As Mr. G. is quite a Biblical student we shall not argue the question with him. Suffice it to say we are taught that they possessed many cattle and had much gold and silver. We hope to hear again from Mr. G. at his earliest convenience.

For fear of worrying your patience we close. Yours truly,

J. F. M'C.

EDWIN COWLES, editor of the Cleveland Leader, in an interview on Ohio politics said: "The Democrats are clearly concentrating upon Payne for President. The thought of the millions they suppose to be back of him makes their mouths water. Ohio Republicans are divided between Blaine, Lincoln, Edmunds, Sherman and Arthur. Blaine unquestionably has the lead.

THE SOUDAN.

The Steady Progress of the False Prophet—Description of the Vast Country Which is Passing Out of Egyptian Rule.

The progress of El Mahdi, the False Prophet, is steadily onward in his conflict with the Egyptians. At Sinkat last week, his forces were victorious and 2000 Egyptian troops were massacred. That the Soudan will pass from the control of the Egyptains there is little doubt. In view of this, the following abstract of a valuable report on the Soudan, presented some months ago to the British Foreign Office by Lieutenant Colonel Stewart, of the Eleventh Hussars, as we find in the New York Herald, may prove interesting. Colonel Stewart, it will be remembered, was selected last year to go on a special mission of inquiry into the Soudan. He resided for a considerable time at Khartoum, and the results of his investigations are embodied in a lengthy and exhaustive report. The country now occupied—or rather claimed—by the Egyptians under the name of Soudan, covers an immense area. Its length from north to south, or from Assouan to the Equator, is about one thousand six hundred and fifty miles. Its width from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to the western limit of the Darfour province, is from one thousand two hundred to one thousand four hundred miles. To include this immense tract of country under a single name is, however, misleading. In the first place, it is inhabited by two totally distinct races. In the northern half of the territory—that is to say, north of the eleventh parallel of north latitude—the inhabitants are almost wholly pure Arabs, most of them nomad tribes, professing a more or less adulterated form of Mohammedanism. Their religion partakes largely of an emotional and superstitious character. "Hence," as Colonel Stewart points out, "the enormous influence of the fakirs, or spiritual leaders, who are credited with a supernatural power, and are almost more venerated than the Prophet." South of the eleventh parallel the country is peopled by negro tribes, who, though officially described as Mohammedans, are really pagans. But besides these two main divisions of race there are localities the inhabitants of which cannot be classed under either. In the western province of Darfour, which is, by the way, the most fertile portion of the Soudan, the intermix of Arab and negro blood has produced a hybrid people, who, however, speak Arabic. In the northern province of Darsola the natives are a distinct race, said to be descended from the ancient Nubians, and speaking a language of their own, but for the most part also understanding Arabic. Again, between the Nile and the Red Sea, in the neighborhood of Suakim, there is another distinct and ancient race of people who speak a tongue of their own. The negroes, it may be said roughly, are all sedentary and cultivators; the Arabs are almost all nomads, and do little or no tillage.

The first question that suggests itself is how did this enormous collection of heterogeneous races come under even the nominal sway of Egypt? A little more than sixty years ago the Eyptians seem first to have directed their attention steadily to the Soudan. Up to that time the district was divided into a number of kingdoms and chieftaincies and the petty monarchs appear to have lived in a state of chronic war. In 1819 Mehemet Ali, anxious to find employment for his troops, sent his son Ismail with a large army of regulars and irregulars to invade the country. This commander with comparative ease succeeded in obtaining possession of a large portion of the country, and from this beginning the Egyptians have gone on up to the present time extending the borders of their nominal sovereignty.

But they have never yet managed to gain an undisputed footing in any part of the vast territory they claim. Year after year the Egyptian annals of the Soudan merely contain the name of a fresh governor-general and the announcement of a fresh revolt. Indeed in 1856, when Mohammed Said Pacha, the Viceroy, visited the Soudan, he was so impressed with the hopelessness of attempting to rule it, that he resolved on abandoning the country, and was only dissuaded from doing so "by the Sheiks and Notables pointing out the inevitable anarchy that would result from such a measure." He, however, made a vigorous effort to reform the administration, but the old abuses and the old discontent broke out under succeeding governors. In later years the Egyptians, in their efforts to subjugate the Soudan, have had the assistance of several able Europeans — among them the German General Munzinger, and our own countrymen, Sir Samuel Baker and Colonel Gordon, but the disastrous war with Abyssinia, in *1876* was a serious blow to their efforts, and in *1883* the Soudan still remains in a sense *conquered*, but never subdued or pacified.

The revenues derived from the Soudan has been considerable, reaching far up into the millions of pounds, but the expenses of the present war will wipe out all the surplus and involve the country in debt.

"Of the country west of the White Nile," says the report, "between the parallels of Khartoum and that of Kaka, about 11 degrees latitude, the general appearance is that of a vast steppe covered with low, thorny trees, mimosas, gum trees and prickly grass. Occasionally low groups of bare hills are met with.

The villages and patches of cultivated lands are few and far between. Water is scarce and stored in wells and trunks of baobab trees." This describes a tolerably unpleasant situation for an army, with an active enemy in the front devastating the country.

The above are only a few facts selected from a mass of interesting information, but they are surely enough to justify the conclusion at which the experienced author of the report arrives. "The Egyptians," he says, "are quite unfit to undertake such a trust as the government of so vast a country."

Frank Hurd Expresses Himself About the Wool Tariff

A Washington letter says Representative Frank Hurd, of Ohio, is as much as ever opposed to the restoration of the tariff on wool, and says it is worse than folly to talk about succeeding with the proposition of Mr. Converse to pass a resolution appointing a day for the consideration of the bill. The Ohio members, Mr. Hurd says, will not vote for it, "and," continued he, "I believe Mr. Converse would like to let go of it himself. He is absurd to think the Democratic House, whose very political foundation is laid upon free trade, would increase the duty on the most common article in use, and the article which is the acknowledged index of tariff." Mr. Hurd knows what he is talking about, and there is little doubt from the interest he has taken in the subject that he has carefully canvassed the situation. However, it has begun to dawn upon the minds of the Ohio wool members that Mr. Converse has let slip his best opportunity, if his intention was sincere, of offering his resolution. Why he did not do so last week is a puzzle to them, and they have not yet satisfied themselves as to the real reason of his failure to make the attempt to relieve their distress. He has taken unto himself a great deal of credit for an intention fully announced to offer his resolution, and now, when nothing can be done until March, they begin to feel that they are the victims of misplaced confidence. They begin to realize that the views of Mr. Hurd are about as true an index of the real situation as can be obtained, and that to expect any Democrat to do anything to restoring the tariff on anything is useless.

"Howld Up, Yer Killin' Dimmocrats."

Colonel Dast, of Georgia, who was an officer in the Confederate army during the war of the rebellion, tells the following amusing story, which has not heretofore appeared in print. "I have always had," said he, "a great respect for the valor of the Massachusetts troops, and there was one regiment particularly—the 19th—which fought us like tigers. It so happened that during several engagements we were pitted against each other, and there was much desperate work, I can assure you. During one of our encounters we were fortunate enough to surround one of their companies, and as we were shooting away, they, seeing that unless they surrendered they were certain of annihilation, showed the white flag. Unfortunately this was not seen by my entire command, and several shots were fired after I had given the order to cease. In the midst of this desultory firing there came a strong Hibernian voice from out of the bushes 'Howld up, yez scroundrels; we have surrendered, and yer killin' Dimmocrats.'"

THE Kentucky Legislature is evidently a very inflammable body. It held an election for a lady librarian the other day, and the vote being close, tremendous excitement resulted. Finally one member said something of a personal nature to another. Then the other "turned white," his "eyes flamed" and he "sprang toward" his opponent. At this moment, observes a chronicler of the scene, "the flash of a knife or the crack of a pistol" was looked for, and had the knife flashed or the pistol cracked there would have been "terrible blood shed." Happily, however, the member with the flaming eyes succeeded in restraining himself, and though according to the reporter the whole body had worked itself into an "irresponsible" condition, the crisis passed without any loss of life. A practical suggestion of the occasion was the subsequent remark that henceforth the Legislature would do well to confine itself to the choice of male librarians. Perhaps, also, it might have a tendency to prevent "irresponsible" crises of the kind if the members abandoned the habit of carrying knives and pistols about them.

DURING the inclement seasons something is needed to tone up the system. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will do it. Sold by McNaughton.

NASBY

The Action of the Corners on the Temperance Question—Mr. Bascom's Ultimatum.

From the Toledo Blade.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (wich is in the State uv Kentucky) February 9th, 1884.—The Corners is al tore up on the matter uv temprance. The wimmen are, ez yoosual, the fust coz uv the trubble, ez they air the fust coz uv all trubble. Eve begun the rumpis in the Garden uv Eden, and the sex hez continyood makin trubbel ever since.

The espeshel trubble now is the insane desire wich Mrs. Bascom hez to show orf her new close. Bascom hez money to by his wife new close with, and like a fool he duz it, and when Mrs. Bascom gits them she can't resist the delite uv wearin uv them in pub lick.

I remonstratid with her and told her trubbel wood ensoo, to wich she ansered:

"Wat is the erthly yoos uv hevin silk dresses ef noboddy can see them?"

"Yoo mite put em on, Mrs. B.," I remarkt, "in the privacy uv yoor room and gladden the eyes uv G. W., wich pade for them, with the site thereuv."

"Bosh," wuz her reply, "Don't yoo know that no woman cood take eny comfert in noo close onless she cood show em to other wimmen? Can't yoo understand that the cheef delite uv hevin good close is in makin evry other woman wich sees em envious uv yoo? Wear em for G. W., indeed! I coodn't fool him."

And so that very afternoon she rigs herself out in a figgerd silk dress, with a hat with ostridge feathers in it, and a seel-skin sack, and shoos with heels, and red silk stockens, and she paraded the hull length uv the street thus arrayed, and tho the sidewalk wuz ez dry ez a bone she held up her skerts so ez to show them red silk stockens. It is onnessesary to say what effeck it hed onto the other wimmen uv the Corners. There wuz sevral dispoots in families wich resulted onplesantly. Kernel McPelter cum to Bascom's that nite almost bald-heded, and Isaacer Gavitt hed a face that wuz severely scratched, and they both swore that suthin hed to be done to keep Mrs. B. from inflaming the minds uv their wives with sich fixings.

Then these wimmin started a groosade wich Pollock and Jo Bigler jined in. The result wuz a meetin uv citizens wich embraced half a duzzen men and every woman in the Corners excepin Mrs. Bascom. Jo Bigler made an imflammytory speech to the wimmen, showin thet if ef ther husbans wood let likker alone they cood hev silk dresses and red silk stockens as well ez Mrs. Bascom; that Bascom wuz absorbin all the money uv the Corner; and so long ez he persisted in takin the money uv ther husbans for sodcorn whisky, so long wood they hev to dress in caliker, and go without stockens, any how, and they mite consider themselves lucky ef they corraled enuff to get em shoes

And they introdoost reslushions demanding the prohibishun uv the sale uv likker in the Corners.

We wuz sent fur and we thot it advisable to go, tho it hurt my feelins to hev a meetin at the Corners uv wich I wuz not cheerman.

The reslushions was red, and ez the spokesman for the Liberal party I made a few remarks. I sed possibly a reform wuz needed, that most men wood admit that the trade in likker shood be regulatid. But grate bodies move slowly and it wuz not wise to attemp too much.

To prohibit entirely wuz too long a step an wood fale becoz uv the immensity uv the straddle. Wood it not be well to go a leetle slower an regulate the traffic, wich cood be done, insted uv attemptin its destruckshen, wich wuz imposibel.

Here Bascom rose, but I pulled him down.

"Let me manage this," I sed in a whisper, "and thank the good Lord that yoo hev a man uv sence to turn aside this blow."

"Wat do yoo perpose?" asked Bigler.

I went on calmly. "I shood not attemp to perhibit but regelate. Regelashun is posibel. Speeking for Bascom, wich represents the likker interest here I shood be willin to hev an ordnance passed perhibitin the sale uv intoxicatin drinks to drunkards and minors. That is a step in the direckshun yoo air heding for and will do for a starter."

Then I coodn't hold Bascom eny more. He riz in his rath, called me a fool, and swore I hed no authority from him to make eny sich compermise.

"I am perfectly willin," sed Bascom, that yoo shood pass a ordnance perhibitin the sale of likker to drunkards. Yoo coodn't do me a greater faver. Wat good is the parson here, or Isaac Gavitt, or deeking Pogram to me? I hev a mortgage on every thing they've got, any way. I am running them on tick, with no hope uv pay. They hev outlived ther yoosfulness to me. Take em! Take em! I hev no further yoose for them.

"But the minors! Oh, no! Who is to take the places of the worn-out vetrans at my bar, ef yoo prevent me selling to them? They kin still work and earn money for me and will be able to for years. They hev lands wich I haint mortgage onto, an they hev days work in em, wich, if they come to me, I am shure to git.

"I don't want the regular drunkards no more, an am willin yoo shel make it a penitenshary offens to sell em likker. It wood be a good ide to reform em. Yoo kin care for em in the poor house til they git strength enuff to go to work agin, and then, ez they wood not be drunkards eny more they cood cum back to my place with renewed strength an money enuff to make it profitabel to me to have em. Ez they air no yoos to me, yoo kin hev the drunkards an welcome.

"But the boys I insist on hevin a whack at. They hev strength, they hev vigger, and they kin work. I don't perpose to hev them incloodded in eny perhibishen movement. Take the drunkards, but leev me the boys. When they become drunkard you may hev em, but not now."

Bigler an Pollock swore they'd pass the reslushen ez originly presented, but Bascom was inflexible.

He turned to me, an Isaacker, and the deekin, an the kernel, and remarkt quietly, but in a manner wich ment biznis:—

"Gentlemen, let em pass it, but wen it cums to a vote at the polls it must be defeetid, or not another drink do yoo ever git on credit at my bar!"

"But publick opinyun!" I sed piteously.

"Publick opinyon be d——d," wuz his reply. "Where's yoor public opinyun? A lot uv wimmen which hev no votes, an Jo Bigler and Pollock an a passel uv niggers. Ez I sed I don't care ef they perhibit sellin to drunkards, but the propesishen ez a hull shell go down. I am not crooel. I am willin to carry yoo awhile longer It can't be for a grate while and I kin stand it."

Bascom sed to us afterward, privately, that he shood see to it thet his wife shood not inflame the wimmen uv the Corners eny more by appearin in her store close, that he hed arranged to send her to Looisville every time she yearned to display her dry goods, and the matter wuz finally settled, so far ez we were consérned, on that basis.

We shel defeet the propesishen ez a matter uv corse, for Bascom hez us. He will give us credit an no one else will.

Whether the fanatix will attemp to carry out ther skeem remains to be seen. PETROLEUM V NASBY, (Saved by a Scratch)

The Minority Leader

From [illegible]

The actual leader of the minority is Mr. Thomas B Reed, of Maine, a man of tremendous intellectual power, and, by ability, capacity and everything that goes to make up a safe political pilot, is justly entitled to that place. Reed is a large, rotund man, with a big, jolly face, and a general air of contentment that the world is wagging along just about as it should. This is his appearance as he sits in his seat about the centre of the Republican side and watches the proceeding going on about him.

When the time comes for action his appearance changes in an instant, and as the debate grows fiercer he seems like an aroused lion. Few men in the House have been able to stand under his withering sarcasm, and his sharp, rapier-like repartees have become proverbial.

So far as I know, he is the only man in Congress who never prepared a speech before delivery, and I have heard that he says that he would be sure to make a failure if he relied upon notes. He is an extemporaneous speaker. Notwithstanding this his logic is just as clear and penetrating as though he had labored days in its preparation.

REPUTATION with posterity has ever been esteemed one of the most powerful incentives to deeds of heroism; and one modern school of philosophy recognizes as the only true immortality of man, the enduring beneficent influence of his virtuous actions. If, however, the fabric of our civilization were seen to be tottering, it is plain that this particular stimulus to virtue would fail. But "Is Our Civilization Perishable?" The question is asked in the North American Review for March, by Judge J. A. Jameson who considers the several agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be effected. In the same number of the Review there is an article of extraordinary interest on "Agricultural Politics in England," by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express "A Defenceless Sea-board," by Gen H. A. Smalley, is a description of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States; and though the author employs none of the arts of the rhetorician, his statement cannot fail to awaken the people of the country to the importance of being in peace prepared for war. "Neither Genius nor Martyr," is the judgment pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hyneman Rhine, whose contribution to the Carlyle controversy is characterized by much force. In "The Story of a Nomination," W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second Presidential term was brought about. Other articles are "Literary Resurrectionists," by Charles T. Congdon; "How to Improve the Mississippi," by Robert S. Taylor; and "The Constitutionality of Repudiation," by D. H. Chambelain and John S. Wise. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

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PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

A CANVASS of the Republican members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives exhibits a plurality for Edmunds, Arthur following closely behind.

THE enemies of Governor Proctor Knott are reminding him that his father's grave is unmarked by either stone, fence or shrub.

SENATOR CONGER, of Michigan, is the only member of the Senate who wears a dress coat during the sessions of that body. His most conspicuous predecessors in that respect was Hannibal Hamlin.

EX-GOV. BISHOP, of Ohio, says he is neither for free trade or protection. Possibly Uncle Dick is getting ready for a grand straddle. He always was of the opinion that he was designed to fill a loftier niche than that of Governor.

A DEMOCRATIC paper in Illinois suggests that the eastern Democrats have tried five campaigns with their chosen leaders and failed, and it can't see why the great West should not be permitted to put one of her sons in the lead this year.

TWENTY-FIVE hundred circulars were sent from Sacramento to California Democrats inquiring their preference for a Presidential candidate. A thousand answers have been received, giving 800 for Tilden, 195 for Thurman and 5 for Field.

IN memory of Wendel Phillips the Irish socialists of Boston will omit their usual St. Patrick's day parade, and in the evening of that day will attend a lecture, the proceeds of which will be contributed to the fund for a statue of the great Abolitionist.

THE free trade movement in the Democratic party, the Macon Telegraph says, is a fraud and a failure. The result of the agitation, according to the same paper, is that Morrison has revamped an old tariff bill, the business of the country has been alarmed, and Democratic defeat in the Presidential contest has been doubtless secured.

MR. POLAND, of Vermont, proposes to solve the Mormon question by compelling every voter, before registration, to take an oath that he does not belong to the Church of Latter Day Saints. What will happen when the Constitution of the United States and the constitutional untruthfulness of the Mormons are brought to bear upon this remains to be seen.

THE news in Washington is to the effect that the Ohio and New York Democrats have arrived at an understanding on the Presidency. Payne is to have the first place and Flower the second place on the ticket, and, to get the support of Pendleton and Thurman, the former is to be promised a re-election to the Senate, and the latter the Secretaryship of State.

WAYNE MACVEAGH is said to have written a paper in which "the ideal President" is pictured. The ideal President is a gentleman that everybody would like to vote for, but his postoffice address will never be known nor will he make a canvass for the nomination until he finds himself a member of an ideal political party in an ideal Republic

CONGRESSMAN BELFORD is described as a true type of the big hearted Westerner, full of good humor and the hero and pet of the "boys" in his home town. He makes a tearing Western speech on every subject that comes up, and his greatest problem is how to enlarge the treasury vaults and distribute $100,000,000 among the honest, common people, sir!"

THE Randall Club, of Philadelphia, will take sixty men to the National Democratic Convention. Already forty-four have signed the roll and paid their instalments. The trip will cost each man from $80 to $100, not including irrigation expenses. The Americus Club is also preparing to send 100 men to the convention. Forty of them have already paid $100 each.

THE Tribune and Sun, published at Jackson, Tennesee, and therefore doubly Democratic, extends the hand of fellowship to Senator Brown in this wise: "Senator Brown, of Georgia, has championed the cause of polygamy among the Mormons, and the Democratic press of the country are very plainly telling him that he can't bring his skunk into the Democratic camp. Brown had better start out for Utah."

THE New York Graphic says: There is a Blaine boom in Pennsylvania. The independent Republicans of that State have always had a strong liking for the Maine statesman, and they propose vindicating it this year. Mr. Blaine is undoubtedly the king of Republicans, and as he is a strong protectionist besides, the "boys" of the Keystone are attached to him with hooks of steel. But there is a boom for Mr. Blaine in every Republican locality.

A CORRESPONDENT at Fort Buford, Dakota, sends the following to the St. Paul Pioneer Press: "The condition of the Indians at the Poplar Creek and Wolf Point agencies is so deplorable that, unless speedy relief is afforded, many of them will die from starvation. The food allowance is so meagre that it is not sufficient in itself to keep them alive. Heretofore game has been abundant in the regions along the Missouri and Mills rivers, and the Indians were able, with the assistance they received from the Government, to live with comparative comfort. But now the game is all destroyed, and the question has resolved itself to this: They must either be fed by the Government or starve. Of the 3,000 dogs in the possession of the Indians at Wolf Point one year ago not one is left. In addition to the dogs many of the horses have been eaten, and many more have been traded for food. Much the same state of things exists at the Poplar Creek Agency. It is a common thing to see the mothers of young girls going about after nightfall offering them to any one who will furnish the means of keeping themselves from starvation. Mr. Snyder, the agent, is doing everything that he can to relieve their distress; but his supplies are so limited that he can do little. Men who were strong and vigorous a few months ago are now so reduced by hunger that they are scarcely able to walk. Women and children are gaunt and hollow-eyed from starvation. One scoop of flour each week and a few pounds of beef each month comprises the rations issued to them; and they are so hungry that when this issue is made to them they eat it all in a day or two. Several of them have been found dead between their lodges and the Agencies, being so reduced by hunger as to be unable to resist the recent terribly cold weather.

"IT is a matter for congratulation," the London Times says, "that, while employment is becoming scarcer and wages are falling, wheat is cheaper than it has been for a long time past."

"This fact is largely attributable," says the New York Herald, "to the abundant harvests in Europe last year. From Russia the wheat exported in 1883 was one-third more than in 1882 and nearly three times as much as in 1881. But the increasing exportation of wheat from India has been a very considerable cause of the cheapening of the chief breadstuff, and its effect on the markets of the world will probably be felt more and more every year. For the first nine months of 1883 the exports of wheat from India were, according to the times, 'nearly twice as large as they had been in the corresponding periods of the two preceding years, although they had largely increased in those years.'

"This showing is doubtless satisfactory to consumers, but it is otherwise for producers. The high price of wheat in past years has been having a natural effect in stimulating its production the world over, so that with moderately favorable seasons this year the great cereal will be further cheapened. The prospects of the winter wheat crops in the United States at this time are uncomparably better than they were a year ago, while in Great Britain recent reports give no indication of a failure of the crops there. A late report from Australia also intimates that the present austral summer has been auspicious for agriculture.

"The winter of our hemisphere has now nearly spent itself without developing any features which foreshadow a backward and severe spring to mar the world's prospects of cheap bread."

IN the presence of its past record when in possession of both houses of Congress, the Democracy have got rather a hard row to hoe in getting through this year's campaign. In 1878 the people were paying more than $450,000,000 in taxes annually, and there was the very best of opportunities and the very best of inducements for making a material reduction in the aggregate of this enormous burden. Yet aside from the repeal of the duty on quinine and a reduction of the internal revenue on tobacco of eight cents per pound, the very last thing that they ought to have done, they failed to reduce this onerous taxation by a dollar. The Republican party from the close of the war up to this time had wiped out at one session of Congress sixty millions of dollars of the Federal taxation, and with it the whole income tax. In 1872 the Republican party reduced the tariff ten per cent. upon such articles as would benefit the consumer, while it placed many others on the free list, and included other taxes in the general reduction. On the other hand, the Democracy, in 1876, a Presidential year, and with a clear majority of 80 in the House, killed Mr. Morrison's bill as dead as a door mat, because it provided for a reduction of twenty millions or more of the general taxation. In 1880, another Presidential year, with both houses under their control, they went before the people with no dollar of taxation reduced, and we know the result. In 1884, with a still larger majority in the House, and a Presidential year, too, there is every prospect for the conviction that this Congress will come to an end with still no reduction, from the fact that the party leaders cannot and will not agree upon any basis of reduction that will conform to the different constructions of the party creed.

IN looking after commercial interests England is, beyond question, the most industrious and persistent Government on earth. No other power can stand in her way without an immediate protest from the Foreign Office, and if the interference continues the lion begins to roar and prepare for business. Thus it happens that the threatening aspect of Franco-Chinese affairs has lead to a declaration from Earl Granville that England will not tolerate a blockade of the Chinese ports. Foreigners in China, he also declares, must be protected. Granville announces that the belligerents should make up their minds at once to submit the matters in dispute to mediation. England does not care a straw about the merits of the controversy, The rights of China or the rights of France do not concern her in the least. The situation is considered from a purely business point of view. Happily, in this case, British selfishness will probably serve the good purpose of opening the way to a fair settlement of a wretched squabble.

HOW unreasonable the prohibition extremists are disposed to be sufficiently evident from the fact that they also talk about running an independent ticket in Illinois, where the State law already provides not only "high license," but local option prohibition. In every community in this State where the popular sentiment favors prohibition ordinances can be passed prohibiting the sale of liquor, and the same can be enforced if there is enough public sentiment to do it. And the law also provides a tax of $500 on each liquor saloon where the local sentiment in favor of coercive tectotalism is too weak to enforce it. When the theoretical Prohibitionists are not satisfied with such laws it is evident that nothing will satisfy them within the range of human practicabilities. If there are Republicans who think more of the impossible dream of universal prohibition and its enforcements than they do of their party's success in a National struggle, then there is no use trying to retain them in the party; but the perversity of a handful of unreasonable extremeists is not a sufficient excuse for putting party success beyond all possibility.

DURING the afternoon of one of the warm days last week, some men employed at the Elm House stables, Concord, were sitting about the open door of the carriage house, when they were suddenly startled by the appearance of a number of black snakes. They made a simultaneous rush to bruise the reptiles' heads. When attacked, the snakes turned tail, and with the exception of one, which was dispatched, they escaped to their retreat under the house. The one killed measured about five feet in length. How many there were in all it is not exactly known, but it is thought there were from fifteen to eighteen. What makes the matter more remarkable is the fact that the locality where the snakes were seen is in the most populous part of the city, in the centre of business, within a stone's throw of the railroad depot, and but a short distance from the post office and State House.

THE wisdom of the postoffice officials, in recommending the reduction of letter postage, has been established by the successful introduction of the two cent rate. The demand for cheaper postage has been emphasised by the rapid increase of the sale of postal cards from 93,000 in 1874, to 379,424,500 in 1882. The sales in seven months ending December 31, 1882, amounted to 237,625,500, while the sales of corresponding months in 1883, reached only 236,341,000, showing a falling off of 8 per cent., which on account of discarding postal cards and using the lesser two cent rate. It is quite likely Congress will change the rate on printed matter, making it one cent for three ounces, instead of two as at present. This will be a wise measure, and in two years the revenue of the Department will be in excess of the expenditures.

MEASURES to abolish the trafle dellar and stop the coinage of the legal tender dollar, move slowly along in Congress, and there is doubt whether they will get so far as to a final passage this session. There is no doubt as to the desire of the country to have them passed, but they are continually striking obstacles in the shape of theorists like Mr. Bland, who cannot give up his attachment to that class of coinage which consists of 85 per cent. value and 15 per cent. fiat statesmanship.

SOMEBODY has introduced a bill in Congress which should be entitled "An Act to Discourage American Genius." It provides that no damages shall be recovered for an infringement of a patent, where, upon the trial, it shall appear that the defendant had used or appropriated the patented article without knowledge that the same was subject to patent. Thus the inventor suing for infringement must subject himself to a bill of costs in order to ascertain whether his patent has been properly employed by the defendant, and should the latter plead ignorance, as in nine cases out of ten he will, the inventor wal s out of court barefooted. As the bill has already been favorably considered in committee, it would seem to be the duty of inventors generally to put themselves upon the inquiry whether this is promoting the "progress of science and the useful arts by securing to the inventors the exclusive right to their discoveries," or not.

THE strike of the cotton spinners at Fall River has now been in progress or two weeks, and all that the strikers have been able to accomplish is to keep several of the mills idle. It is not unlikely that this pleases the manufacturers well enough, for trade is dull. Comparatively little help from outside trades unions seem to be flowing in to support the 8,000 idle spinners, and to impartial observers their situation does not look hopeful. It is greatly to be regretted, of course, that any reduction of wages at Fall River was necessary; but the chances are that the strikers will speedily regret not having taken the half loaf instead of no bread.

PROFESSOR GREENER, the noted colored politician, was not given an invitation to the Harvard Alumni meeting in Washington on Wednesday evening. When spoken to about it, said: "I didn't go to the meeting simply because I was not invited. I have attended alumni meetings in Boston, New York and other cities, but I do not know why I was left out last evening, and to tell the truth, I do not care."

SENATOR ZEBULON B VANCE, of North Carolina, is a famous story teller. His brother, General Robert B. Vance, who is a member of the Lower House in Congress, is also a noted story-teller, and is popular among men of both parties in his State, especially among farmers. He was a farmer for some years after the war. He is a pious man, which cannot be said of his more widely known brother.

As being of interest to the numerous ex-soldiers among our readers, it may be stated almost with certainty that the bill now before the Senate and House, which provides that no proof shall be necessary to establish the fact of sound physical condition at the time of his muster into the service in the army or navy, of any applicant for an invalid pension, for any wound or disability contracted in the army or navy in the late war, will pass and become a law.

Two three story brick buildings at Cincinnati used as a boarding house, were surrounded by the flood, and the foundations being weakened, they gave way, and killed ten persons. It was the fatalist accident of the great flood.

AN official report has been made on the gold mines in North Carolina It shows that there are 395 mines. Some —in fact many—of them are "placer" mines. The yield is far larger than in any State east of the Rocky Mountains—ten times greater, in fact. There are in the stamp mills 559 stamps for crushing ore. An immense amount of this sort of machinery is now being introduced, and the estimate is made that at the end of 1884 a thousand stamps, at least, will be in operation. It is said by scientific persons that there is to-day far more gold than there is in California. Northern and Western capitalists are finding this out, and it is a matter of record that over $2,000,000 of New England capital was during 1883 put in mining machinery here. General Garfield owned a half interest in a valuable mine, which yielded him handsome returns. General Hawley, of Connecticut, is now an owner, as is also Mr. Pulsifer, of Boston, and various other prominent men.

EUGENE PINKHAM, of Aroostook county, Mass., was so badly frozen the other day that he had to have both feet amputated, and it is now thought he will die. He was refused shelter at two houses, and, it being night, he went into an old barn and crawled into the hay, and lay there five days and four nights without anything to eat, but at last crawled out of the door to find water. On stirring around he felt better, and, remembering that there was one house that he had not called at, he made his way to it, the house of Jonas Clifford, a well to-do farmer, who took him in and treated him in the kindest manner.

WHILE sitting on a log with his gun cocked and the but resting on the ground, George Case, of Peotone, Ill, called his dog. As the dog placed its paws upon his master's breast, one hind foot pressed the trigger and Case was killed.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18

It has been a week of constant and startling excitement, bad in every sense; and one to be unpleasantly remembered all the year. We started with a frightful collision on the elevated road, where two engines came together with most disastrous consequences. The terror of the meeting can scarcely be imagined; mounted on rails eighteen or twenty feet above the street, the surroundings are much more frightful than a collision on an ordinary railway. In accordance with railroad policy, all possible details were kept from the press, and the investigation by the coroner was smothered as far as the coroner could do it.

On Tuesday we had a shocking assassination and suicide. It was not a murder in the dark, where the assassin expected to escape. There was no attempt or even the apparent hope to do so. It was a dreadful act of vengeance for which the avenger was perfectly willing to pay the penalty. The story is an old one, so old that the memory of man runneth not back to the time when such stories were not told. It began with love; it was matured in sin; it ended in death

The cold detail is told in a few lines in the city papers. At 7:30 on Tuesday morning, a Miss Almey approached Victor C. Andre, who was standing on the platform of the elevated road at 59th street, and shot him fatally, and before it was possible for the bystanders to interfere, she then put the pistol to her own head and blew her brains out. This shocking tragedy occurred in open day, in the presence of a multitude of people, and is the last act of a sinful and wayward life.

The fact is, this city, and I believe every large city, is cursed with a set of young men who have no more regard for female honor than they have for their own most sacred promises.

We have had a couple of instances here within the past few days, only one of which ended happily. One was a young Irishman, who had been the playmate of a beautiful girl, the daughter of his father's next neighbor and the constant playmate of his own sisters. Their marriage was looked forward to by the parents of both as a matter for congratulation and blessing. When the heartless villain, taking advantage of her trusting love, betrayed her. The wrong was so flagrant and manifest that the young man's father, and mother and all of his sisters joined their prayers to have him, as far as he could, repair the wrong of which he had been guilty by making the girl his wife. The wedding day was fixed, and the bride before the altar, when the cowardly rascal fled to the United States. Here he changed his name; but in a year from the time of his flight the girl who had been so cruelly betrayed left her illegitimate child in the custody of the young man's sisters, and followed him across tee water. She found him in Philadelphia, and then correspondence was renewed, when he promised again to make her his wife; but when the time came for its fulfilment he cooly informed her that he would not marry the best woman in the world. The poor girl, almost heart-broken, a stranger in a strange land, sought advice of Judge Walsh in Brooklyn. The Judge is an Irishman, and she poured her story into a sympathizing ear. The young man was decoyed to Brooklyn by a letter, and promptly arrested. He had not been long behind prison bars before he repented of his deeds. The judge was sent for, and in less than it takes to tell the story the twine were made one. While the denouncement may seem to be perfectly satisfactory, I cannot congratulate the girl. A wretch who has to be coerced into an act of common justice and humanity, is not a person to be trusted. It is just such brutes that kick the lives out of their wives with their boot heels, and whose histories fill the pages of our criminal callenders.

The other case has not ended quite so satisfactory. I refer to the cowardly blackguard who ran away from Canada, leaving his bride at the altar foot. It is singular in our criminal penalties there has been no adequate punishment invented for a crime like this. The mere penalty of a few thousand pounds would be little or nothing to Walter Wilson, but not all the gold of Ophir or the diamonds of Golconda can ever bring sweet peace again to the heart of that proud deserted girl. New York does not feel proud of Mr. Wilson's presence, and the quicker he takes himself off the better we will be pleased.

At last we have got rid of Billy McGlory. The attempt to give this notorious scoundrel a private boom was a dismal failure, and was a disgrace to the pap-headed ninnies who undertook it. One prominent minister declared before his congregation that from his soul he loved poor Billy McGlory. Perhaps he did, but it is just that kind of ministers who bring such constant disgrace on the church. We have philanthropists by the score in New York who would give their last dollar to aid some notorious murderer or thief, and who would pass a starving widow and her children, or a man who has not been guilty of any crime, without giving them a cent. Billy was run in on Wednesday to Blackwell's Island. His blazing diamonds, and his fancy suits, and fast horses, and fast women, are all left behind, and now he wears a striped suit though he will not feel strange, for among the thieves and convicts at the penitentiary he will find plenty that he helped to make, the worst of whom are better than himself who now look on him with sovereign contempt for trying to work the pious racket.

We are sadly exercised in our divorce court. It has just been discovered that a distinguished and highly esteemed citizen of Brooklyn has been working the divorce dodge for all it is worth, and perhaps a good deal more than it is worth. For years past a number of advertisements might be seen in the leading newspapers of this metropolis—Absolute divorces procured without publicity; no fee until the divorce is granted. Now, in the State of New York, there is only one ground of absolute divorce and that is adultery. A separation can be secured for abandonment, drunkenness, non-support and a number of other things; but this will not entitle the woman or man to marry again. There are thousands of men and women too cursed by being ill-mated; their whole lives blasted without hope of release except in death. The villians understood this, and their advertisements brought thousands of applications. Although no fee was demanded till he divorce was procured, a deposite of $150 or $200 was insisted on to pay expenses. John G. Law, Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court, of King's county, became the partner of a rascal named Monroe Adams. Adams had a fictitious partner named Clark, whose name figured on all the divorces, but whom nobody ever saw. Between these two scoundrels, thousands and thousands of fraudulent divorces have been procured, and the unfortunates who have been deceived and have married again, now have State's prison staring them in the face, not to mention hundreds of illegitimate children, the offsprings of these bigamous marriages. Certain it is that nothing has occurred in the past years which has given us such a lively shaking up.

The death of Thomas Kinsella, the editor-in-chief of the Brooklyn Eagle, has been so widely noticed by the press that I cannot pass it by in silence. I can recall on other man on the New York City press that at all resembled him except Hugh Hastings; but Hastings had educational advantages that Mr. Kinsella never enjoyed, and he never exercised a tithe of the power and influence that Thomas Kinsella did. Without education, except what he won himself, with no social advantages, he raised himself by sheer force of pluck and principle to the front rank of American journalism.

And if any man thinks that is an easy task let him try it. On the staff of all the great journals of New York are young men by scores, bright, keen, educated emulous of fame, ready to make any sacrifice in the race for life and its rewards. The man who mounts over the heads of such men as these must have uncommon stuff in him, and Thomas Kinsella has left an army of them behind him. He was the hardest hitter and the fairest fighter that ever took a hand in political warfare. For fifteen years his life has been one long battle against the vilest and most corrupt element of his own party and while he never succeeded in making a thorgough purgation, the fear of his lash held public robbers in check, whose crimes he hated and whose fellowship he cordially despised.

If wealth had been his desire, he could have piled up gold by sharing the plunder of the thieves, but to the dead man's honor be it said he stood by the best interests of the city of Brooklyn, though by so doing he jeopardised his life and fortune. It is not often we see such an assemblage around the bier of any man. One of the chief dignitaries of the Catholic read the service. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was one of the pall-bearers.

There were Jews, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Freethinkers. Religious and political lines seemed to be utterly broken down, and as many mourning Republicans as Democrats stood by the coffin of the dead journalist Whatever faults he may have had were of a generous nature, while his scorn of everything mean and base, and his high estimate of political honor will live to be remembered as one of the highest examples that has done honor to American journalism.

The weather has been beastly. Yes, that's the best English word I can think of—beastly.

We have now public prize fights guarded by the police The details on the departments for officers to see fair play among the sluggers is making a serious inroad on the force. A first-class slugging match is good for one hundred dollars to the police captain. I wish I was a police captain.

Yours truly, BROADBRIM.

Letter From Illinois

VAN ORIN, ILL., Feb. 14.—In looking over your excellent paper I see correspondence from other States, and by the way a few words from the great State of Illinois would not be out of place.

Van Orin is a small village on the C. B. Q. railroad, ninety-seven miles west of Chicago; does considerable business, ships from five to ten cars of stock a week, has mail twice a day, east and west. The crops have not been so good the past year as they usually are. Fruit was not so plentiful but enough for home demand; apples are worth one dollar per bushel,

Vennor's predictions have failed in these parts for an open winter. We have had sleighing since the 18th of December; have plenty of ice on the trees, at this writing is over an inch thick; fruit trees are not damaged much. I notice that you are having a great deal of rain and high waters. Am sorry to hear of the death of James and Frank Henderson.

THE AGE is a welcome friend to our Western home; long may it live and the editor, too. J. BROWN.

A BILL authorizing the Postmaster General to stop all registered mail or money orders for lottery companies, whether declared fraudulent or not, is to be reported to the House by the Post Office Committee, and the indications are decidedly that it will pass that body and the Senate as well.

Evidence of Terrorism

Democracy is very sensitive to what it has pleased to deride as "the bloody shirt," and has only ridiculed the recent reports of Southern outrages. But investigation proves them to be far from ridiculous events. The Danville case shows that the negro can never hope for political or social justice at the hands of the present generation of Southerners. There "shooting began," according to Democratic witnesses, "because a negro called the Conservative party hard names." All in all, the testimony reveals a condition of things inconceivable in the North, or in any community where a majority of its members are not of a class that the minority considers to be an inferior and subject race. The candor of the witnesses in acknowledging their share in the riots was remarkable, and it is evident that to shoot or "thrash" an insolent "nigger" is still the ruling spirit in the South.

The investigations of the Hoar Senate committee at New Orleans of the Hazleton, Copiah county, Miss., outrages, show political intimidation and lawlessness to have reigned in all its terrors. There is a mob of one hundred and fifty terrorists, with the handy shotgun, appointed themselves a political vigilance committee. Two colored men and one colored woman were murdered because of independent sympathies, several were whipped, and a colored church was burned because it had been used by the Independents for a meeting place. Independents were regarded as Republicans, and really were so, but the name Republican was found to jar so rudely on the sensibilities of the shotgun political apostle as to cause Independent to be substituted in deference to those sensibilities.

There was an excellent chance for the Independents to win the election, but rather than allow them to do so the Democratic doctrine of winning the fight, "if we have to do it by shotguns," was enunciated by the stumpers.

Two Democratic leaders, Wheelock and Meade, the latter of the Copiah Signal and chairman of the Democratic County Committee, headed the terrorists and found it necessary to "remove" ex-Sheriff Mathews, the leader of the Independents, and a man universally respected outside of political circles.

Wheelock and Meade arranged with a friend of theirs, the sheriff of Copiah county, to appoint Matthews deputy sheriff, and assign him to the work of breaking up the band of terrorists who organized to interfere with the voting. It was done and Mathews went to his duty and his death.

Wheelock shot him down before the polls opened, and with his band led the Independent colored men to the polls and compelled them to vote the Democratic ticket. The whites were kept away from the polls. The fight was won, and two weeks afterward Wheelock was elected Marshall of Hazleton by the aldermen elected on the day of Mathew's death.

The murdered man's son was on his way home from college when news of his father's death reached him. On his way home, he swore that he met Secretary of State Myers and said to that official, "I hear that my father has been murdered." "Ah!" said the Secretary, "I knew it was going to be done. I did not know that it had happened."

A. W. Burnett, Chairman of the Greenback Committee, was shot and nearly killed by a Democratic mob, and he corroborated the other witnesses as to the violence practiced by the terrorists.

Fifty witnesses have been summoned, but many have answered that they dare not testify.

When the committee finish the New Orleans work, they go to Hazleton to look over the bloody ground. Senators Hoar, Frye and Salisbury form the Committee.

THE GREAT FRESHETS.

The Lesson of the Freshets—Sermon by Dr. Talmage

Preaching in Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday, Dr. Talmage had for a subject, "The Great Freshets."

The hymn before the sermon was:

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide that flows."

Before the sermon Dr. Talmage read and expounded the peroration of Christ's sermon where he says: "The rain descended and the floods came." His text was the third verse of the Ninety-third Psalm: "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice." Following is the sermon:

A cry of anguish has rung across the land, and pulpits that are not icebergs of abstraction must sympathize with the National calamity. The rivers of America are its pride and wealth. The glory of New York is its Hudson, of New England is its Connecticut, of Canada is its St. Lawrence, of Virginia is its James, of Pennsylvania its Susquehanna, of the continent its Ohio and Mississippi. Far back in the geological ages the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers were married. What shaggy old prophet of the mountain proclaimed the banns, and from what clusters of wild grape and bushes of whortleberry the wines were pressed for the nuptial festival we know not, but all the world knows they were married. Their one child was the Ohio, which soon outgrew its parentage and marched across the vast reach of this continent and has had supreme mastery of much of its fertility and wealth. The rivers have paid it obeisance and poured their riches into its lap, for on its banks every day you may see sneeling the Muskingum, the Miami, the Wabash, the Sandy, the Licking the Kentucky, the Cumberland, the Green and the Tennessee. The area of the drainage of the Ohio and its branches is 214,000 square miles. Grand and majestic and stupendous Ohio! Farms and vineyards on this bank, coal and iron mines on the other bank. Vast commerce of many States floating this way and that on its surface. Great cities standing on its mighty terraces. Its topography bewildering for beauty and magnificence. Yet, ordinarily one of the gentlest of rivers, excepting only about three miles of its long way without rapids or precipice or sudden break. By day and night it pronounces its almost silent benediction upon the whole continent. But some demon of devastation now, as last year, seems to have possessed it. The luxuriant farms that it invited to look down into its mirror it seems determined to obliterate. With hands besoiled and wrathful it clutches for the vineyards. "Come with me!" it cries to the mills, and the homes, and the churches, and the villages, and the cities. "Come with me in my midnight revels and dance with Death and Darkness and Woe!" The voices of lullaby, and the voices of good cheer of other days have been turned into voices of terror, voices of destruction, voices of fury, voices diabolic, till the whole land hears the wailing and the shriek, and with all the emphasis of the psalmist in the text we can appropriately cry: "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice."

My first lesson is the mercilessness of natural forces and the dead failure of natural religions. Men in our times say nature is enough. The sunshine and the refreshing shower, and the beautiful flora of garden and field are all they want for religion. They learn from the natural world God is love. The volume of nature is all they need for divine revelation. But what of the Ohio floods? How can the naturalists find any mercy in them? They whelm a human life with no more commiseration than they feel when they float the log of a sawmill. They have no more pity for a drowned man or a woman or child than for a muskrat. They look at the bereavement of a household with no more emotion than they would at seeing two planks parted The floods, according to my text, have voices, but no one of the drops of the overflowing torrents has a tear in it, save the tear of human anguish Poetically we speak of the rain as the weeping of the clouds, and the wind among the tree branches as a sigh of sympathy, and the heavens veiled in mourning at some great disaster, but it is only a poetic figure. The clouds thunder strike, but they never weep; the winds howl but they never give sympathetic sigh; the sun will shine as brightly along the Ohio on wrecked homesteads and the graves of this terrible casualty as though there had been no deluge and no heart-breaks along the swollen waters Nature can smite as with lightening, can rend apart as by earthquake, can eat up as by locusts, can prostrate as by malarial sickness, can blind the eye as by exposion, can cripple the limb as by falling rock, can dethrone the reason as by a blow on the brain, but it cannot pity. It can blast, it can cut, it can scorch, it can grind, it can lacerate, it can consume, it can drown, but it cannot pity. If all those sufferers for the last week on the banks of the Ohio had knelt in the mud and slush and prayed, saying: O ye cloud, stop raining! O ye February floods hush your voices! Stand back from my homestead! Spare my hard earned fortune! Save my drowning wife and child!" the only answer would have been continued plash of rain, continued gurgle of waters, continued crash of falling farm-houses; continued bleat and bellowing of perishing flocks and herds. O my hearer the world wants more than a religion of flowers, a religion of sunshine, a religion of art, for such religions fail when the floods of disaster lift up their voices.

I know of only one religion that comes in and offers better riches than the floods capture, better life than that which expired under the ruin, and a future explanation, grand,

(Continued on Fifth Page)

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

THE foot and mouth disease has broken out among the cattle of Maine. Great efforts are being made to prevent its spread.

There was a Senator named Crowell,
Whose *frontle-piece* resembled a bowl;
His head was quite high,
Angelic was his sigh—
But, King Caucus goaded his soul.

HON. J. W. BOOKWALTER is opposed to the restoration of the tariff on wool, and declares he is the largest wool grower in the State. He has a large sheep ranche in Nebraska.

A BILL passed the Legislature authorizing the Commissioners of Belmont county to borrow $50,000 for the relief of the flood sufferers, but so generous have been the people in extending aid that it is thought the loan will not have to be negotiated. This speaks well for the people.

GOV. HOADLEY has appointed Thomas B. Bancroft State mine inspector, and thereupon there is trouble in the Democratic camp. McBride, of Stark, declares the appointee is incompetent, and the appointment is an insult to the miners of the State. Bancroft was formerly a Republican but switched off in the Greeley campaign.

THE Cambridge Jeffersonian arises to remark:

THE COSHOCTON AGE is informed that there are no Coshocton Democrats so far as the Jeffersonian knows, who ought either to be in hell or the penitentiary; but it does know of some Coshocton Republicans who should look after their salvation.

Can it be that the rusty cogs of the Jeffersonian's indignation have been lubricated with Standard oil?

GOV. HOADLY has written a letter to Speaker Carlisle asking that the latter use his influence to secure the restoration of the tariff on wool. In the meantime Frank Hurd is cocked and primed to advocate the placing of wool on the free list, and Converse is silent concerning his bill for a restoration. Verily, the Ohio Democracy do not harmonize on that question. The trouble with Gov. Hoadly is, he is too honest for the crowd with which he is training. Having pledged themselves to a restoration of the tariff last year, he thinks they should make an effort in that direction, but the leaders of the party know they never had any intention of restoring it, and are therefore mum.

MR. JOEL S. CAMPBELL, a former citizen of this county, writes an entertaining letter from Dallas, Iowa, concerning the status of the temperance question in that State. The letter appears on page 2. The sentiment in Iowa, it is plain to be seen, is such that it cannot be counteracted though the saloons and their friends combine against it, and though the same is not yet true of Ohio, we think we can return greeting to Mr. Campbell and say that Ohio intends to see that Bacchus and Gambrinus are compelled to obey existing laws, and eventually succumb. We shall be glad to hear from Mr. Campbell again.

THE Guernsey county Grand Jury reported one hundred and eighteen indictments—over one hundred of them being for violations of the liquor law. Every saloon keeper in the county is indicted. With the stirring up they got last November in that county, together with the present outlook, they will soon conclude that Guernsey public sentiment does not dovetail with selling whisky, and will shut up shop; and still there are men outside of the asylum for insane who declare the Scott law is not a temperance law.

MR. BARGAR from the Judiciary Committee has reported a bill providing for circuit judges under the new amendment to the Constitution. There are ten circuits, the Coshocton district being composed as follows:

Seventh—Morrow, Knox, Coshocton, Holmes, Wayne, Ashland, Richland, Huron, Seneca, Wyandot and Crawford.

There are to be three Judges in each circuit who are to be elected next October, for two, four, and six years, the Judges to determine the length of their terms by lot. After this the Judges are to be elected every alternate year for a full six years term. The salary is to be $4,000, and the newly elected Judges will take their office February 15, 1885.

THE press generally believes the Morrison tariff bill to be a fraud, but the reasons assigned are as varied as the hues of the rainbow. One class denounces it because it is too near free trade, and another because it does not approach near enough to it. Others are pleased with it, with the exception of that part applying to their own particular industries, and others are opposed because they do not want it meddled with at all; but one and all are agreed that it is not the proper remedy. It is well to remember as we go through life's journey that the late Tariff Commission recommended reductions amounting to twenty-five per cent., and the business interests generally endorsed the recommendation, but Congress passed a bill only making reductions amounting to five per cent., and Morrison adds the twenty. It can not be so far out of the way then.

THE Democrats of the House struck the right key for once, Tuesday, when in discussing Senator Crowell's bill amending the revised statutes in reference to requisitions, wherin the fee to be paid for issuing the same shall be $5., they called a halt and decided to investigate the justice of feeing the private Secretary of the Governor. With salary and fees combined the private Secretary of a Governor of the State receives far more than the executive, and not being compelled to make a report, there is abundant opportunity for fraud. Mr. Bargar hit the nail square on the head when he said "the private secretary, between salary and fees, had pretty fat picking, and it was probably time to have a little investigation of the office for the purpose of finding out the amount of that officer's compensation."

FOR nearly three months Congress has been in session, and the work they have performed can not be discovered. Monday night last was the most exciting and disgraceful of the session, and has been appropriately termed a barroom mob. A discussion arose over a pension bill, and the Republican members filibustered by breaking a quorum. This the Democrats at nine o'clock attempted to defeat by sending for absent members. As they were brought in many were discovered to be drunk, and the excuses they offered for their absence were received with shouts of hilarity by the House. This continued until two o'clock, by which time a majority of the members present were drunk or wild with excitement, and the disgraceful spectacle was witnessed of the National House of Representatives being turned into that which was little better than a beer garden. As members attempted to explain, others interferred and time and again the lie was passed, and personal encounters were only prevented by the prompt interference of the Sergeant-at-Arms. Of course the disgraceful scenes and expressions of members will not appear in the Globe, but faithful reports by reliable correspondents should be sufficient to forever brand the participators, and a disgraced constituency should be prompt in passing judgment. The name of Congressman Wilkins, we are glad to say, does not appear in the list of drunkards.

THE Democrats of the Ohio Legislature, having resolved to allow the Scott law to stand, with the exception of the repealing of the McConnellsville ordinance clause, their act can be construed in no other way than as an endorsement of the work performed by the Republicans. The Democratic papers of Coshocton remain silent upon the subject, and their readers are left in the dark regarding the acts of their representatives. Last week we gave a few specimens from the remarkable speech made by Mr. Bargar wherein he opposed it with all the fervor of his soul, and now we want to give an extract from the columns of the Democratic Standard, in denunciation of the same measure.

In the issue for the week ending April 21, it said editorially, in commenting on Mr. Bargar's speech:

Mr. Bargar opposes the bill for the one and sole reason that it is unconstitutional and consequently unlawful, and cannot be the proper remedy for the evils resulting from the sale of intoxicants. The Republican leaders, blinded by fanatical excitement, have ignored the fundamental laws of the State, and have perverted their stations as legislators for the aggrandizement of the party in power.

Now, Mr. Bargar in the caucus and in the House approves of the law, and the Democratic Standard is mute. Does it still entertain the same opinion of the law it did last April? And if not why not? An anxious public awaits an explanation.

Klinker, dear Klinker, why will you not tell,
In paragraphs that are pungent and bold,
The why and the wherefore of the remarkable sell
That has been played on the lambs* of the fold?

*Saloons.

WHAT a blessing to the State it would have been if the Ohio flood could have been run through the Ohio Legislature. A great stench would have been wiped out.

The Mormons—A New Story for The Age.

What shall be done with the Mormons, is a question that is destined to cause much discussion and perhaps blood shed, before it is settled. The Constitution prohibits the abolishment of the religion, but the practice of polygamy is a cancer upon the fair name of the Republic and must be exterminated. The best minds of the Nation are now diverting their fullest energies to the solution of the problem but they fail of the desired end.

The one thing most needful is the creation of public sentiment; and when the whole people become convinced that there exists a stain that must be eradicated, then will they arise in their might, and by peacable measures if they can, but forcible if they must, wipe out this moral stench.

Knowing that this question is one in which the people are greatly interested, we have made special arrangements at great cost for the manuscript copy of an original story by one of the most popular writers of this or any other age, entitled

"SEALED UNTO HIM,"

By Joaquin Miller, who has become widely known as one of the most powerful dramatic writers America has ever produced. His stories are eagerly sought by the foremost periodicals of the country, and his great American drama, "The Danites," has been played for years to crowded houses throughout America and England. His "Songs of the Sierras," first published in London, awakened a furore of enthusiasm, and he was at once "lionized" by English society, his popularity equaling that of Bret Harte.

His life has been a singularly romantic one. When a lad he was taken to Oregon to live, at a time when white settlers were almost unknown there. He practiced mining in California during that memorable period of excitement following the discovery of gold. He was one of the Nicaragua Expedition, in 1855, under General Walker, and after many adventures with Indians and miners, he became a judge in Oregon. He is at present building a *log-cabin* on one of the prominent sites at Washington, D. C., which he expects to occupy as soon as it is completed.

His new story, "Sealed unto Him," is founded on facts, some of them from his personal experience. It treats of the Danites, or "avenging angels" of the Mormon Church, as they existed over thirty years ago. The foremost character, the one about whom the story revolves, is a Mormon elder, a leader of the Danites, a madman in his fanatical zeal, and a giant in stature and strength. He is one of the most powerful dramatic creations that have appeared in modern fiction.

The heroine of the story is a beautiful young lady, who, in an ignorant freak, is induced to become "sealed" to a Mormon elder, before the sect had removed from Illinois to Salt Lake City. Fearing the vengeance of the Danites because of her refusal to accompany the elder, as a wife, to Salt Lake City, her father endeavors to spirit her away to California. On the journey overland, the emigrant train which they accompany passes by Salt Lake City, and here it is the vengeance of the "avenging angels" overtakes them, and "they are judged—and are not." The journey, with its suspicions clustering around a colossal and mysterious figure, which forms one of the train; the suspense as they near Salt Lake City; the secret work of the Danites; the flight of the girl and her final fate, are told with a realism and dramatic force rarely found in the fiction of any age.

The story is a timely as well as a thrilling one. It deals with a people and a fanaticism that are at present the centre of National interest, and an interest which is bound to grow greater before it grows less.

The story has never appeared in print, and will be copyrighted That all classes—not only lovers of fiction, but Christian and moral people of any and all sects and denominations will read it with avidity, because of the portrayal of the crimes of this so-called religious organization, there is not a doubt. It will run through six numbers of THE AGE, commencing March 15th.

Speak to your neighbor concerning this, and ask him to subscribe, or send us his name and we will mail a sample copy containing the first installment.

As To Mesmerism.

During the past week a mesmerist sporting two handles to his name—fore and aft—has held forth at the Opera House, and the success of his experiments are elsewhere related.

It is not the purpose of this article to write of Prof. Schoemer, M. D., or to say whether or not he can produce what he claims, but to treat briefly of Mesmerism in the abstract.

There are many people who have heard of freaks performed by Mesmerists; have read, perhaps, but little concerning it, and are disposed to be skeptical as to the phenomena said to be produced.

Perhaps if they were to sit for an hour and watch with diligence the manœuvres of a mesmerist and a good subject, they would leave the hall as much of a skeptic as they were when they entered it.

Man is disposed to be skeptical about all subjects he can not readily understand. But if he accepts the teachings of the gospel as to future life—reward and punishment—which can be solely upon the exercise of his faith and not because he understands—and the mass of mankind so accept, why, we would ask, can he not accept the phenomena produced under the manipulations of a mesmerist, when seeing should be believing, notwithstanding he cannot explain the why and the wherefore.

Though this be logical, as we believe all will admit, it remains a fact that the mass of the people will refuse to endorse by their belief; and while they will not say positively it is impossible or it is humbuggery, they take the middle ground of skepticism. Perhaps this is the safer so far as it applies to this particular subject, but it will not apply with equal force to the the affairs of business, nor to religion.

The doctrine of mesmerism, or animal magnetism, was first discovered in 1772-75, by Franz Mesmer, a native of Germany.

His first investigations were with Father Hell, a Jesuit and a Hungarian. As co-laborers, they searched into the curative powers of the magnet, and in the latter year, Mesmer published a work wherein he taught the doctrine of animal magnetism, which has since been termed Mesmerism—from the discoverer's name.

In 1778 Mesmer went to France for the practice of his profession and to introduce his system, and for a time he was very popular with the people and the medical profession; but refusing a handsome sum, what would be about $4000 in our currency, to reveal his secret, a commission was appointed to investigate the doctrine, and they unanimously reported that it was, if not a fraud, at least a blood relation thereto. Mesmer never recovered from the stigma this report cast upon him, and he died in obscurity, in the year 1815. The immortal Ben Franklin was one of the commission, that made the report.

Mesmer claimed for his discovery great healing properties, together with the power to completely control subjects who are subservient to the influence.

The doctrine was not given much thought after the retirement of Mesmer until about the year 1836, when a work was brought out by an English gentleman, in which the same doctrine was taught; and investigations by scientific men since have confirmed the teachings.

That there are persons who have the power to mesmerize people of peculiar nervous organization there is little doubt; but professors of mesmerism do not attribute like results to like causes. Some insist it is simply the result of suggestions that the subject goes through certain manœuvers, while others say it is because of a peculiar magnetic current that operates upon the phrenological organs and makes it impossible to resist the desire to perform thus created.

A German writer, Kluge, has given the following classification of the effects observed in mesmerized subjects: 1. Called waking. Presents no very remarkable phenomena. The intellect and the senses still remain their usual powers and susceptibility. 2. Half-sleep, or imperfect crisis. Most of the senses still retain in a state of activity, that of vision only being impaired, the eye withdrawing itself from the power of the will. 3. The magnetic or mesmeric sleep. The organs of the senses refuse to perform their respective functions, and the patient is in an unconscious state. 4. The perfect crisis, or simple somnambulism. In this stage the patient is said to "wake within himself," and his consciousness returns. He is in a state that can be called neither sleeping nor waking, but which appears to be something between the two. 5. Lucidity, or lucid vision. This is called in France, *clairvoyance*; in Germany *Hellsehen*. In this state the patient is said to obtain a clear knowledge of his own internal mental and bodily state, is enabled to calculate with accuracy the phenomena of disease which will naturally and inevitably occur, and to determine their most appropriate and effectual remedies. He is also said to possess the same faculty of internal inspection with regard to other persons who have been placed in mesmeric condition (en rapport with him. 6. Universal lucidity. In this state the lucid vision becomes greatly increased, and extends to objects whether near or at a distance. To this very accurate catalogue we should add a condition—Coma. Into this state the patient falls who has been permitted to escape from the influence of the will of the operator. He no longer responds to command, he is apparently unconscious, his pulse recedes to the vanishing point, and his heart-beats cease to be noticeable. This state closely simulates death, and is believed to be actually premonitory of dissolution. Cases have occurred in which it has required the utmost exertion of all the methods known to those who practice mesmerism to restore to consciousness patients who had reached this condition.

Aside from the cure of diseases, mesmerism has been used to create unconsciousness or inability to experience pain, whereby surgical operations were performed with ease.

These conclusions have been arrived at by scientific investigators, and while the mass may continue to doubt, there are still strong reasons for accepting.

Again 'Tis Whisky in Bond.

An occasional faint wail goes up to the powers that be at Washington, praying them to grant the requests of the whisky men that the bonded period may be extended, the Government robbed of money now due, a favor extended to a class, and the commencement of a most pernicious kind of legislation made.

The latest labor pain that has been revealed is in the effusions of that voluminous writer S. R. R., in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, and the trouble of the writer's soul at the wrong likely to be inflicted upon the manufacturers of the ardent, and the producers of the grain out of which the festive juice is pressed, is truly sublime.

The first argument of the S. R. R. is that if the payment of the tax upon the whisky in bond is now exacted, it will result in financial embarrassment to not only the manufacturers, but to bankers who have advanced money upon the whisky in stock; and the second and straw-grasping one is that the enforcement of the payment will result in the stoppage of manufacture, and a consequent demoralization of the grain market; and upon this latter argument the venerable wielder of the tripod pours out his soul in alternate terse and long-winded sentences, the pathos of which could only be excelled by the worm of the still itself, as it pours its fiery fluid into the diseased stomach of an old-time guzzler. In fact the S. R. R. would be a philanthropist laboring in the interests of the farmer, for he says the growing of grain in Russia and British India in large quantities has lessened the European demand for American grain, and the surplus crops in this country can only be marketed to the distiller. He then says:

Wise policy will encourage this home consumption of grain. It greatly reduces the bulk of this farm product for transport and export, and multiplies its value by home labor, which extends into many industries This will encourage the export, and the use in the mechanical industries. Surplus production of spirits should be encouraged, to help out surplus crops and low prices of grain The manufacturer should be free from the payment of this enormous tax until he withdraws the spirits for consumption, subject to no charge save the bare cost of storage. The present and prospective market for our grain is not so extravagant that the country can afford to put a penalty upon a manufacture which is so large a consumer of grain.

This argument is calculated to appeal to the purse of the American grain grower, rather than to his head, and S. R. R. no doubt believes this to be the better way to reach him, because it has become an axiom of business that if you desire to reach the conscience of a man, touch his pocket-book.

But while this is subtle, it does not touch the two principal objections to the granting of the demands made by these manufacturers.

The first objection is that it is class legislation—a granting of a favor, that if once commenced, can with equal assurance be requested by any branch of manufacturing. These distillers have known from the time that the first gallon was made that the tax must be paid at a certain time. If they were judicious business men they knew whether or not their financial affairs were such that they could pay the tax when due, and if they are able to pay it, they should be compelled to disgorge; and if not, they have none to blame for their misfortune but themselves. They may, in the goodness of their nature, and the sweetness of their souls have allowed their better judgment to have been perverted, in their efforts to create a market for the grower of grain, but then this is not probable.

The S. R. R. may so believe, but the innocence of his nature is an excuse therfore. The fact is the distilleries went on manufacturing expecting to gain relief from the hands of Congress so soon as they asked it; because they have been so favored in the past, and they feel deep down in their souls that they have great power in political affairs and all they need do is to beat on the bottom of a mash tub and the whole political firmament will tremble.

We hope and believe the American Congress will demonstrate to these would-be controllers of public affairs that they reckoned without their host.

Another, and perhaps the greatest reason these distillers want this period extended, is, that the longer this manufactured whisky lies in bond the better it becomes, and consequently will command a better price.

Aged or ripe whisky is better than green whisky, just as a ripe apple is better than a green one, and while there can be no objection to their keeping it, they should not ask the American Congress to aid them in the speculation or accumulation of private wealth.

The American people should watch the action of Congress upon this subject and deal with individual members thereof hereafter accordingly.

Be he high or low in the councils of the Nation, prominent in public life or obscure, if he bows to the dictates of King Bacchus, see that he is left at home in the future.

THE floods in the Ohio Valley are gradually subsiding, leaving in their wake desolation and destruction and filth in the extreme. Some of the smaller towns on the Ohio river were damaged so greatly as to never recover—many houses were washed away—all the fences destroyed, streets left in bad condition being washed so that great holes are seen and the gravel and pavements completely obliterated. In many of the houses the mud stands two to three inches deep on the floors of the second story, while the furniture and carpets are totally destroyed.

In Ironton and Portsmouth the suffering was great because of all communication with the outside world having been cut off early in the flood, and no warning of the increased volume a, proaching from above was received. The people prepared for fully as high water as was experienced last year, but it climbed steadily up until it reached that and added six feet thereto. What resulted can easily be imagined. Thousands of families in the Ohio valley are dependent upon charity, and, happily to state, they are being supplied by a generous-hearted people. Aside from $500,000 by Congress and $200,000 by the Ohio Legislature, all the cities, towns, villages and hamlets in the country, near railroads, at least, have liberally responded with money, provisions and clothing. Much suffering must yet ensue.

THE committee appointed under the Sherman resolution to investigate the Southern outrages are busily engaged in the pursuit of their duties, and are revealing facts which present an old picture slightly done over in a new garb and is in substance terrorism among the colored people superinduced by outrages committed by the whites. But we fail to understand what good this investigation will do. It will not break up the solid South, and we seriously question whether it is the better thing for the Republicans to have it broken. So long as the South insists on casting its 158 electoral votes for the Democracy, just that long should the North be kind enough to meet them on ground of their own choosing, and cast the solid vote of the North for the Republican candidates, and this they are likely to do.

There is talk of breaking into the South on the tariff question, but there is far greater danger of breaking into the intelligent Northwest on the same subject, and in a way, too, that is not calculated to benefit the Republican party. People who raise grain and stock will not always quietly submit to extortions for the benefit of Eastern capitalists and manufacturers.

THE Democratic platform last year declared:

The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form, and is in favor of the largest liberty of private conduct consistent with the public welfare, and the rights of others, and of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils resulting therefrom by a judicious and properly graded license system.

Reporting these resolutions, the Democratic Standard said:

The wisdom of Hon. G. H. Bargar will be recognized in the liquor plank of the platform.

Soon after the Legislature assembled Representative Lowenstein introduced a bill providing for a graded system of taxation, as demanded in the platform, but the caucus squelched it and solemnly declared that the Scott law should stand.

The question now arises, was Mr. Bargar's wisdom, as "recognized" in the liquor plank of the platform, greater in its lucidness than that displayed in the caucus, and if not, why not?

The Democratic Standard has been mum concerning the action of the caucus; and we respectfully suggest that the Klinker let himself out, that the readers of his journal may no longer travel in the dark. What cause is there for the silence?

THE Columbus Times, the State organ of the Democracy, endorsed the bargain made with the saloon-keepers last fall, and now that the caucus has decided to allow the Scott law to stand, thus going square back on their pledge, the Times speaks out in meeting and says:

We cannot call to mind any Democratic speaker in the last campaign who made a fight against the Scott law because of its local option feature. Our recollection is that the most argument was made on the fact that it did not discriminate enough between the large and small liquor dealer. There is nothing gained by party cowardice. Either the Democracy was pledged to the death of the Scott law, or it was not. We do not imagine that any one is insane enough to argue that the last named state of affairs existed. It would seem that ante-election promises and post-election performances are two separate and distinct things.

Now, if the Klinker and Prince Johnny will let their wisdom shine, the Coshocton Democracy will have been enlightened.

SAYS the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

Mr. Joseph D. Weeks in a recent letter compares the condition of the labor in the coal mines of England and of this country. He shows that there has been some advance in England since the Legislature preventing women and children descending the pits. Still there are many women engaged in this industry, especially in Wales, round the mouth of the pit, and they work hard for a small sum. Not a woman or girl is reported about the coal mines of the United States, above or below ground. Miners in England are not at all satisfied with their condition, as the pay is not over 80 cents a day. Perhaps, as the free traders claim, this is made up to them by a cheaper trade of living; but we do not fancy that the miners of this country are anxious to try the experiment.

Well, what about the condition of the ore mines in your own State, who are working for 62 cents a day and living on mush and molasses. Can it be said a protective tariff has been a God send to them?

THE House has passed the amendment to the Scott law, repealing the McConnellsville ordinance clause, but it still hangs fire in the Senate. The saloon keepers and distillers and brewers from all over the State are urging the Democratic members of the Legislature to redeem the party's pledge to repeal the law outright, and thereby a hitch has occurred. The Democrats of the Senate hesitate and in the meantime are saying to themselves: "we will be damned if we don't and we will be damned if we do." However, Mr. Crowell should not be at a loss as to how to proceed, if he desires to please his constituents.

THE Cleveland Herald and the Cleveland Leader are daily treating their readers to lengthy editorials based upon their respective circulations and the value of the same to advertisers. The better way to solve the question is to consolidate, and thereby make a paper that would be better than either are at present, and also act as a panacea to the present heart breaking troubles.

THE Democratic Cleveland Penny Press is heartless enough to say of the action of the Democratic Legislature, in caucus assembled:

The credulous saloon-keepers of Ohio turned in last fall and spent time and money to elect Democratic legislators, expecting that the Scott law would be repealed, root and branch, and the saloon-keepers had every reason to believe that this would be done, for every Democratic paper, and the Plain Dealer baited the trap with, "Down with the Scott law! Give every man an equal show! Repeal the inquitous measure!" and the stump-speakers and political managers were eloquent in their assurances that the law would be repealed the first week of the session. Now the saloon-keepers, the faithful allies of the Democratic party, may "live horse and you will get grass," for something will be done next winter, sure. The saloon-keepers are not the only ones deceived. The Democrats were profuse in their promises to "stand by the working men." How have they kept their promises? There hasn't been a resolution or a bill introduced this season in the interest of the laboring class, except Allen O'Myers' prison contract bill, but that there has been a disposition manifested by the Democrats to throttle it at its birth. Not one! There isn't a man, woman or child in Cleveland but remembers the world of pledges and promises made by Democratic haranguers to workingmen, and the announcements held out to catch their votes prior to election, but the big Democratic majority in the Legislature has forgotton all about those pledges. Every act of the Democratic Legislature thus far, excepting the civil rights bill, has been in the interest of monopolies, wealthy corporations and the rich, or to help expectant Democratic Congressional aspirants, and to further the interest of the Democratic party. This is the truth, stark naked.

A Good Name.

A good name is the most valuable possession we have in life, and the best estate left behind us when dead. It lives when we are no more, when our bodies are crumbled in the dust. How is it obtained? with the consent of mankind and the usages of the world. It is gotten by virtue, by skill and perseverance, and an humble confidence in a supreme power. It is lost by ignorance, by crime, and excessive ambition. It is to be prefered rather than great wealth. It does not depend upon popular opinion. It is based upon true excellence, and it is therefore as immitable as truth. It consists in a reputation formed upon better form.

the power of good principles, and is ascribed to us not by the ignorant and malicious, but by the good. In such a name, we love for purity and rectitude, and a determination to be guided by an intelligent perception of truth and duty. It is evident that a good name is in all persons the result of individual exertions. It is not the necessary habiliment of birth, of wealth of position. It is known by a life of honorable actions. Hence it is attainable by all. It is not overthrown by external disadvantages; but, on the contrary, is strengthened by them. It is, nevertheless, like a delicate plant, and slow in growth. It is not formed in a night like the gourd that sheltered Jonah's head, but like it, it may perish in a night, and often being many years in establishing, it can be destroyed in a single day. Its rewards are lasting, and a protection against evil reports. Though slander may fix its jaws on an innocent person, but such a character will emerge from the temporary shadow, usullied and strengthened. Although the tongue of the calumniator may "wag at both ends" and administer poison in the phrases of love, and attempt to blight the hopes of the noble minded. In some persons it becomes a chronic disease, and is practically incurable. But if we notice they are but narrow minded, pernicious people. It proves that in the mind there is a waste—evil nature. Education is no proof against it. It may only serve to give it pliant plausibility. It may be said that they who are never attacked calumny are generally of too little mental account to be worthy of it. It is true that calumny is not durable provided our conduct does not prove it to be just. Those who strive for nobility of character, will not fail of reward, and will be sustained by a smile of an approving conscience and with true dignity which ennobles life, and pure motive will be enabled to pass creditably through the world.

Higby, O., Feb. 16.

Aristocracy of Crime

Within our observation no man of wealth, no man of position, no man of influence has been hung in this State. Such men have been accused of the vilest crimes; such men have been proven guilty over and over again. The result is lawlessness in society, in business, in politics. We draw no contrast, we institute no comparison. The truth is that here in Louisiana a man of power, of whatever sort, may do as he will.

Who will Vindicate Congress.

The House of Representative has "vindicated" Fitz John Porter. Yes, but who will vindicate the House of Representatives? An exchange says: "If Benedict Arnold had lived in these days Congress would have sent him thundering down the ages in good shape." If the time shall ever come when both Houses of Congress and the President are Democratic while Jeff Davis still lives they will doubtless "vindicate" him, after which there will be ample opportunity to try their hands on Benedict Arnold, Judas Iscariot and the Devil.

A Sensible Suggestion.

We suppose the General Assembly of Ohio would be willing, if it knew how, to do something for the relief of the farmers of Ohio.

Well, the farmers of Ohio should be relieved from the exhausting and the waste task of restoring fences.

The way to do it is to make it unlawful for domestic animals to run at large

This would mean that each farmer should keep his own horses, cattle, sheep and swine within inclosures, and that villagers should not have cows making a living by foraging—a sort of petty highway robbery that is going on throughout the State.

It is clearly practicable to do this, and the failure to attempt it is discreditable.

Perhaps the main question is: How shall farmers handle domestic animals within their own lines? The answer is: By a system of movable fences. Each farmer should be able to inclose small fields at pleasure.

This system is perfectly practicable. It is the fashion in Europe. Our farmers now not unfrequently feed hogs by fencing them within patches of corn, and moving the rails as the pigs require fresh food.

The use of wire for cattle fences should greatly facilitate their construction, as the few posts required would be permanent and the wire might be strung at pleasure.

Board fences could be handled in sections, and the ordinary rail fences could be readily shifted, and adapt themselves easily to portable foundations, and also to stakes and riders.

There is no doubt at all that the farmers could manage their part within their own lines readily, if protected from outsiders.

This would enable them to save the good timber that remains for better purposes than rotting in useless fences, and there would result enormous economy in labor, and that means a saving in money, growth in productive capacity and an increase of wealth

The law and its enforcement that we speak of would especially relieve the flood sufferers who can not otherwise be aided.

If the farmers of Ohio on overflowed lands did not have to spend the next two months in restoring fences that have been washed away, they could go into their spring work in much better form.

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THE GREAT FRESHETS.

(Continued from Third Page.)

ous and satisfactory, of things we can not understand now. This old religion, old but not superannuated, old but not emeritus, it works to-day as well along the banks of the Ohio and East River as it ever worked along the Jordon and the Euphrates. It is revealed religion that comes in to fill up the awful gap in natural religion. Natural religion is a good foundation on which to build revealed religion, but it is only a bare foundation. When the floods come what a poor shelter is a mere foundation. You want then a home such as God builds in the gospel, its corner stone the rock of ages, its chief pillar made out of the calvarean cross, its alter of one 'great sacrifice, its dome catching and pouring down illumination celestial. What I say through these words to the penniless and bereft thousands of the West I say to you who, not suffering from the freshets of breaking up winter, nevertheless have been swept again and again by floods of sorrow and calamity.

Take for yourselves that religion which has its mightiest triumphs when your earthly prospects are inundated. It did most for David when his son went into wickedness and rebellion, most for Mrs. Sigourney when her home was desolated, most for John Bunyan, when the prison doors shut against him, most for the martyr, when the fires were kindled around them, or the horses were fastened to draw their limbs apart, or the hot lead was poured down their throats, and most for those children of God who in these dreadful days have been turned out from their homesteads, under the dashing clouds, and bounded on the north and south and east and west by the flood, that have lifted up their voices. You can have your religion of sun-shine, but give me the religion for all weathers

You can have your religion of daisies and buttercups and daffodils and morning larks and robin redbreasts, but give me the religion that, while fully appreciating the brightness of this world, shows its mightiest power when the lights of Cincinnati have gone out by the submergence of the gas houses, and whole villages are inundated, and that can plant its feet on the all-sweeping inundation, crying: "The Lord sitteth upon the flood, the Lord is mightier than many waters, an ever present help, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake by the swelling thereof." I would not give a five cent nickel for all the religions that were ever hatched out of the human skull or came up as malaria from the pit.

I want a religion that can not only sail a smooth river at noon, when all the paddle wheels drop opals and emeralds and sapphires, and all the sails are white as the wings of sea gulls, but a religion that can calmly ride a midnight freshet. Hear it, brothers and sisters! Paul's religion of the dungeon, John's religion of the tempest lashed Patmos, Daniel's religion of the lock-jawed lions

Another lesson of the Ohio overflow is that our advantages may turn out to be our disaster. Lands are more valuable near the river. There is nothing in fertility like the alluvium Transportation is easier. The prospect is finer. How many retired merchants select building sites in landscapes irrigated by rivers. Nothing can take the place of water scenery. How oft we see it advertised as a special advantage that property has a river front. Many of the highest cultured farms and many of the wealthiest agriculturists are on the banks of the Ohio river, but the reports say that some of these farms are thirty feet under water, and in many places only the chimneys of the farm houses are visible So our advantages may become our disaster. There are great rivers of prosperity, on the banks of which men build, expecting to stay forever. But some day the overflow comes in dissipated habits, which sweep to ruin a whole family. The land is strewn with the wrecks of men whose overflowing success swamped them forever. As long as the Ohio and Mississippi stay within their banks they are the highways of National blessing. When they overlap their usual channels they whelm the land with destruction. As long as our worldly successes are kept within bounds they are of advantage to us and the world, but half the United States to day is inundated with monopolistic freshets. When small brooks get out of their usual bed they may damage a mill pond or destroy a few haystacks or gully a road, but when these vast rivers of wordly gain break embankments a Nation suffers.

Let us not through an overbearing disposition or our lack of self-control make the blessings of our life agencies of devastation to ourselves or others. The business of the Ohio River is to stay at home and carry lumber rafts and steamboats from Pittsburg and Wheeling to Cincinnati and Louisville. Instead of that it has gone to hunting down inoffensive farmers and their families and take roughly by the bit great National industries, for there is not a great commercial house in New York to-day which does not directly or indirectly feel the effect of this business stoppage. Go home, you red-mouthed torrent! Get back to your place you vaulting monstrosity! Your father and mother, the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, never sent you forth for such an accursed mission. So there are men now swallowing up everything they can reach, gathering up all the tributaries of wealth, great Wabashes and Muskingums and Missouris of resources, and are waiting for more, hoping there will be other fortunes and other providential skies will rain emoluments upon them and they cry to earth and heaven and hell: Give! give! give! and after awhile they begin to swell, and they go too far out on this side, and they keep on swelling till they are too far out on the other side, and they gulp down these creditors who cannot pay and these firms by foreclosure, and they swallow the result of this Wall street panic and the result of that Chicago corner in wheat and the result of the watering of this railroad stock, and swallow, and swallow, and swallow, and swell, and swell, and swell, and swell till they are great rivers of social and moral and financial damnation rolling through the land. Whether we may have on a small scale or on a large scale, let us keep within our proper channels and not turn our capacity to help carry the world's burdens into destructive inundation. Let mountain stream and meadow rivillet, as well as every Ohio, keep its proper course.

Another lesson of this hour is that calamities are in our time no sign of divine displeasure. There are no more moral people on earth than many of those put out of fortune or life by this Ohioan submergence. Cattlesburg and Maysville, Ky., Huntington, W. Va., Manchester and Gallipolis, Ohio, partly or entirely gone under this flood, are as moral villages as can be found on the continent. Moreover, the churches went under as well as the warehouses; the homes of Christian people as well as the homes of un-Christian. It is no evidence of divine displeasure with any locality that it suffers. There are men very liberal with divine judgements, and when tongues of fire lick up half of Chicago, some people say that is because Chicago is so wicked, and when tongues of fire lick up a large part of Boston, some say that it is because Boston is self-conceited. And now, some might call this affliction of the Southwest a divine judgement. That will not do. There are hundreds of places by their iniquity inviting the divine judgments who were never struck with lightning or washed under inexorable waves. If Brooklyn and New York had been punished for all their sins the Hudson and East river would now stand higher than the piers of the East River bridge, and bluefish, which our sportsmen have not been able to catch, would be holding carnival in our dining halls and panteries. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," is a precept we apply to bereft individuals, may be scourged in mercy. Who knows but that God means for these afflicted regions in time to come harvests that shall more than make up for the present despoilation? Who knows but there shall come to them moral and religious advantages that shall turn this awful ravage of the elements into highest blessing. God is rich and he can pour into these valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi a tide of mercy deeper, broader, mightier than these awful surges of doom. Because, as individuals, or as neighborhoods, or as a Nation you are called to suffer, do not conclude that you are under the divine displeasure. Reaching under all these raging Ohios of grief there are alluviums for whole gardens of grace. Every river of suffering has on both sides foliages, terraces, reaching on top to the hanging gardens of the heavenly paradise.

Another lesson of this destruction is, that repetitious misfortune is hard to bear. Last year, and now this year! They had just got their houses and barns rebuilt. They had just got their fences restored. They had just purchased their stock for their farms. They had mortgaged the lands that they might start again, and now all is gone. In the three cities of Cincinnati, Newport and Covington, 30,000 people are to day reported homeless, and 20,000 laborers are without work. We thought that last year was enough, but now comes the duplicate of wretchedness. Scores of thousands of good people are at their wits' ends.

One deluge they might have endured, but there are two deluges. All over the world it is repetitous misfortune that most tries the soul. In many a man's case it is first bankruptcy, then sickness, then bereavement. Loss after loss, trouble after trouble, floods chasing floods. In 1814 Walter Scott is at the hight of his prosperity; fortunes, scepters and crowns at his feet. In 1826 by the failure of Constable & Co., the Edinburgh publishing company in which he was a secret partner, and he is left by the two failures over $600,000 in debt With his magician's pen he proposed to pay it all. And then comes the death of his wife. Then comes paralysis. Then comes apoplexy. Then comes the cold shoulder of the world. Then, seated in his invalid's chair, he asks his daughter to put the pen in his hand that he may write and lo! the hand that had charmed the world with Ivanhoe, Guy Mannering, Heart of Midlothian, Maid of Perth and Kenilworth Castle could not write his own name

Behold Job! First came the destruction of his servants and his oxen. Next came the destruction of his sheep. Next came the destruction of his camels. Next came the death of his children. Next came a cluster of carbuncles. Next came the impertinent philosophizing of Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar. Next came the clatter of his termagant spouse. Floods of 1884 next to floods of 1883. Joel describes what has figuratively occurred in many of your lives when he says: "That which the palmer worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker worm eaten; and that which the canker worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten."

But blessed be God that for great and repetitious calamity there is great and repetitious mercy. Over the top of the highest mountain sails the ark. Buttresses of darkest storm holding the bridge and rainbow. But let us not forget to have especial sympathy for repetitious calamity. Do not say "God bless them." Let us bless them ourselves before we ask God to bless them. Committees in all our cities have been appointed to receive financial aid. Surely no man who has a full loaf of bread will consent to eat it till he has done something to appease this woe. Thoughtless ones say "Why don't those inhabitants get out of those places and prepare farms and homes elsewhere?" To these idiotic suggestions I oppose the remark that a calamity may not come there again in ten generations. Because two years have been scourged it is no reason to believe any other will be scourged. Besides that, it is not possible for vast multitudes of them to remove to other places. Besides that, all rivers are liable to overflow. Do you say: "Go, then, away from all the rivers and seek the uplands?" I reply, then the farm may be scourged with drought or eaten up of grasshoppers. Better not build a barn anywhere because it might be struck with lightning. Better not build a house anywhere lest it be unroofed of a hurricane. There is no better or safer place on earth to live than on the banks of the Ohio. Let the people stay there and let us by out-rushing charities from all parts of the land make it possible for them to stay there. "But," you say, "I helped them last year and I can't always be helping them." So God fed you last year and the year before and the year before that, and if the Lord should drop you next year because He helped you this year, your earthly residence would be very much abbreviated.

Beside that, it would be well to get a divine insurance for ourselves. You know the Tontine plan in many of the insurance companies by which in consideration of the payment of a certain amount of premium annually at the end of ten, fifteen or twenty years the amount of the policy is paid back to the man himself, so it differs from ordinary insurances, which pays the amount after death to one's survivors. But I have a divine insurance policy on an improved Tontine plan, which make that which you pay in charity a premium to be returned to you at any time you need it. Pslam xii., 1. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." How soon we may need that Tontine policy paid to us I know not. People who have lived in larger houses than we live in have, through the misfortunes of life, come to be homeless; and I have known men who have been puzzled about what investments they should make after a while not able to get 15 cents for a dinner in a cheap restaurant. All other insurance companies with their millions of capital, might give way, but God will never become poor, and the Banks of Heaven will never suspend payment, and an insurance backed up by all the resources of the universe and all infinity will never fail to meet its obligations. The floods may whelm thousands of millions of property, the farms and the cities, but concerning the love of God we are assured, "Many waters cannot quench, many floods cannot drown it." And the tides of destruction shall stand back at the promise, "Surely in the floods of great waters they shall come nigh unto him. All the forces of nature shall become our coadjutors, and the wild waters instead of crying out in objurgations against us, will at God's behest help celebrate our victory as He commands. "Let the sea roar and the flowings thereof, and let the floods clap their hands."

A Lakeside Musing in Which two Coshocton Boys Figure.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"My God! This is terrible!

The black waters sweep by in a maddening rush, hissing and seething as they go, as if their weird voices were in accord with the dreadful scenes around them. Now these voices seem to rise on the air in low, mournful tones as if chanting a requiem for the souls of the dead whose bodies are being borne swiftly forward on the black bosom of the torrent, and the next moment there comes up from its turbid depths what seems to be a horrible, exultant chuckle, as if some demon were laughing to himself at the ruin and death which meet the eye on every side. And then, when this noise—so eerie and unnatural at such a time—has died away one hears only the swish and swirl that are inseperable from the movement of a large body of water, with now and then the crush of a falling building, or the shrill, horrified shriek of some drowning wretch whose struggles against death in its most horrible form have been in vain.

Cincinnati is inundated. For days and days the waters have been rising—slowly, it is true, but each succeeding night has seen the uncanny monster that seeks to destroy the city draw nearer and nearer. There is no noise, no shout of foemen or thundering cannon as when armies meet, But it is the very absence of this chance for action that makes the situation all the more terrible. The cold black waters have been on every side, waiting patiently for the moment when, with one mad rush, they shall leap down upon their prey as the tiger springs from the jungle upon the unsuspecting traveler, and ingulf alike the living and the dead. That time has come and with a hoarse roar of triumph the hungry demons of the deep have worked the destruction of everything that opposed them. What were once streets filled with people are now great rivers, and on their surface is to be seen the debris of a wrecked and ruined city. And mingled in this debris are dead bodies—wrecks of humanity which the pitiless waters are hurrying away.

It is the incarnation of ruin.

Two young men, Gaston and Victor—stout young followers of the type one sees so often among the peasantry of Britanny, but with features that show refinement and education—are standing at one of the upper windows of a building that has not yet succumbed to the flood But its time of destruction is close at hand. Already the walls are crumbling, and in a few moments the noble edifice, so proud and stately, have gone down in the general ruin. The young men know this. Their checks are blanched. They know that soon there will begin for them a struggle with death which can end only in defeat. The lips of Victor move, but the words they are uttering are rendered inaudible by the roar of the waters. His companion shouts to him:

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"Praying for my parents. My death will kill them. They live in Coshocton."

"I also have parents," says Gaston. "Include them in your prayers."

Victor nods his head.

Suddenly Gaston utters a cry. "My God!" he says. "Look!"

Victor raises his head. Coming swiftly towards them is a beautiful girl. She is drowning. Gaston shrieks again. "It is Beryl!" he cries. "Beryl Hopkins, my betrothed!"

As he shouts the name to Victor the winds bear his voice to the girl, and she recognizes her lover. With the sight all her strength seems to return. "Thank God!" she exclaims in clarion tones, "I can save you, although I myself must die," and by a mighty effort she plunges one hand beneath the waters. In a moment it reappears, grasping something which, as she sinks for the last time beneath the waters, the noble girl hurls through the window at which Gaston and Victor are standing.

* * * * * *

Five minutes later the building has sunk beneath the seething torrent, but Gaston and Victor are safe—floating securely down the stream in a craft which no storm, however severe, can wreck. Gaston sits in its stern, guiding its course, while Victor sleeps peacefully under its bulwarks.

She had thrown them her overshoe.

Ed. Lee and Thad. Knight are the only Coshocton boys who have been in Cincinnati recently and, we presume they are meant in the above. They deny having sailed in an overshoe, however, but fail to explain the goneness about their look.

Pacific Coast Silver Kings.

Twenty years ago C. P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins were partners in the hardware business in Sacramento, Cal. In the same city Leland Stanford was an oil merchant, Charles Crocker was a noted dry goods dealer, and Judge Crocker was a lawyer of small means. In 1861 these five men, with fifteen or sixteen others, formed a corporation for the purpose of building the Central Pacific Railroad. The united fortunes of the incorporators at that time did not amount to more than $120,000. By the statutes of the State of California they were obliged to pay up a certain percentage on their stock, that percentage amounting to $11,500. The next step after incorporating the company was to get certain bills passed through Congress, by which they obtained subsidies for building the road. This they did, but the subsidies were given on such conditions that they could get no money from the Federal Government until twenty miles of the road was built. They induced the State Government to guarantee their bonds, upon which they raised money enough to build the first twenty miles of the road, after which the enterprise was easy. There was money enough in the scheme, but there were too many people to share in it. Accordingly the five men above-named either froze out or bought out all the other stockholders. Some of the latter, who stuck in until the magnificence of the scheme began to be foreshadowed, realized ten for one on their investments. Having disposed of these outsiders, the five projectors of the scheme formed the Credit and Finance Company, which was the Credit Mobilier of the Central Pacific. These five men, as Directors of the Central Pacific, made a contract with themselves, as the Credit and Finance Company, to build the Central Pacific Road, giving therefor $27,000,000 of Government bonds (which they received as a subsidy), $27,000,000 of the company's first mortgage bonds, and about $8,000,000 of land bonds, which they issued on their grants. This, of course, came piecemeal as the work was done, but the above sum, together with about $27,000,000 more of bonds on unsubsidized road which the company afterward bought, were paid to the Credit and Finance Company for building the road. Lest some trouble should arise because of this scheme the stockholders held a meeting and fully indorsed the action of the Directors—that is, the five men met and indorsed their own action in making a contract with themselves.

Out of the surplus which they made, after declaring 8 per cent. dividend on $54,000,000 of stock, these men bought all other railroads in California, all the river and bay steamers, and the horse-car lines in San Francisco, established a mail line to China, built the Southern Pacific Railroad, which they stocked and bonded for $90,000 a mile, although it did not cost at the outside more than $30,000 a mile, built palaces in city and country, which did not cost for all of them less than $10,000,000. The earnings of their roads last year were about $25,000,000. The assets of these men, as stated in their annual report, exceed $800,000,000. The original investment twenty-two years ago was $11,500. The story is a wonderful one, even in this bald outline.

Of the five men who originated the Central Pacific, Mark Hopkins and Judge Crocker are dead. The other three own most of the proceeds of that plan formed twenty-two years ago. It is said that no agreement in writing was ever made between them; that in all of the immense business each trusted the simple word of the other, although at present Huntington and Stanford, at least, are not on friendly terms. Huntington, Crocker and Stanford are each about 60 years old, and the first two are still vigorous men. Stanford, however, is broken in health. —*Washington Republican.*

The Delmonicos.

The trouble with the famous restaurateur has been an unconquerable aversion to exercise. The same inertia has been the bane of all the Delmonicos. Siro, who died a year or so ago, was for a long while a curiosity. Men used to look at him with positive amazement. He had a room on the top floor of the Twenty-sixth street house, but spent most of his time in the restaurant. He was known as the man who never slept but always smoked. He took breakfast in the restaurant about 9 o'clock. Then he sat down and read the papers and smoked until lunch time. He was occasionally interrupted by minor affairs connected with the business, but seldom left his seat. After lunch he would sit and smoke until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he would leisurely climb into a hack and visit the down-town Delmonico places. By half-past 5 he would be back in the restaurant again and sit and talk to his cronies until 8 o'clock. Then he ate a very heavy dinner. From that time until half-past 1 he scarcely moved from his chair. At half-past 1 he would go down and look about the kitchen, go up to his room on the top floor, and sleep for an hour. He was called again. Half-past 3 found him in the markets along the river-front buying food for the daily consumption of his numerous restaurants. This task generally took him two or three hours. It was usually 6 o'clock before he came back to the restaurant again, and after another short nap and a bath, he was ready for his breakfast as usual at 9 o'clock. This was his daily programme, Sunday included. He never smoked very strong cigars, and had one in his mouth as long as he was awake, unless he was eating. During the day he was usually sleepy and stupid, and lounged lazily in his chair with his head on his breast. This was natural considering the small amount of sleep he had. When he died, nicotine was said to be the most potent cause of his death. Charles Delmonico inherited the vast business. The immense fortune which came to him was the immediate cause of his ruin. He conceived the idea of being a great millionaire. He had a fortune of several millions to start with, and he was thoroughly conversant with Wall street affairs. He was jolly, wide awake, and enterprising at first, but he gave way to the besetting sin of the Delmonico family, and before long became as lymphatic and lazy as any of his famous uncles. He sat with a stupid and loggy expression in his restaurant for hours and hours at a time. He grew cross, morose, and sullen. Men who had known him for years, and known him intimately, were rebuffed when they approached his chair, and he was a terror to everybody whom he employed. But it is a singular fact that through all his illness and subsequent dementia he never relaxed his vigilant care of his restaurant. Delmonico's to-day is even a more perfect establishment than it was five years ago. When Charlie Delmonico became a pronounced lunatic (about a year ago), people who had formerly made it a point to go and spunk to him every day and try and keep up the social relations with him looked askance and gave him a wide berth. He sat staring moodily at the floor for hours at a time. He grew very stout, and, like Siro, his chin was depressed. His eyes grew heavy and loggy, and without the faintest spark of animation. He is the last of the Delmonicos. The business will probably go to his nephew, whose name is Crist.—*New York Cor. Washington Star.*

Among the Clouds.

A party visited the newly-opened observatory on Ben Nevis, and the following words of description are suggestive of similar scenes on Mount Washington: The road was found to be in passable condition to the lake; above that it was almost entirely obliterated with snow, and the ascent of the upper half of the mountain was found to be a very stiff piece of work. At the top they received a cordial greeting from the residents, who assured them that they were finding life very tolerable in that high latitude. Curiously enough, though the house was surrounded by several feet of snow, there was none on the roof, the wind having swept it clean off the smooth surface. A day or two previous the inmates found the western door completely snowed up, and had to go through the operation of digging themselves out in order to reach their instruments, an experience which is likely to prove common enough during the winter. The house was found to be completely air and water tight, and very comfortable. Three days later, though the thermometer showed seven degrees of frost outside, the observers were able to work indoors in their shirt-sleeves. They are provisioned for six months. A second stove for cooking purposes has been fitted up. They are well supplied with literature of various kinds, chiefly scientific and they are looking forward very hopefully to their winter's isolation. The telegraph wire has now been completed to the top and is in working order, so that they can at any moment put themselves in communication with their friends at Fort William. Already some curious differences in the atmospheric conditions of the two levels have been noticed. When a storm has been raging at Fort William it has been calm and serene weather at the top of the mountain.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Sunken Irish Cities.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered throughout Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiguis is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unobserved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The dark spirit of its King still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now on a calm night one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland. "In Ulster is a lake 30,000 paces long; and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was a prophecy in everyone's mouth that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water would issue threfrom as would soon overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldame coming to fetch water heard her child cry; upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring—and, coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains.

Six years ago tramps were so plentiful and lawless in Connecticut that the State Legislature passed a law for their arrest and punishment. Only a few of them were treated under this law when the State was rid of the pest. Of late, however, the tramps have returned. They make exactions upon the farmers for food and other necessaries. Their demands are granted because it is feared that they will revenge themselves upon those who refuse. A number of tramps have been arrested under the law of 1878, but the juries, consisting mostly of farmers, acquit them. The authorities are at a loss as to what to do with the lawless vagrants.

GLEANINGS.

Aimee says she wears out $360 worth of stockings every year.

A blast in a limestone quarry near Bodie, Cal., uncovered five petrified goose eggs.

Slaves in the Soudan are taken down to the coast, put on board a vessel, and shipped by night to Arabia, whence they are distributed to all parts of the Turkish Empire.

Rev. Edward Selkirk has been rector of Trinity Church at Albany, N. Y., for forty years, and during that time he has married 670 couples and officiated at 600 funerals.

Two men recently got a check from Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, for $5, ostensibly to aid the purchase of uniforms for cadets. The next day the check was taken to bank raised to $500.

Making a young man a clerk in a dry goods store, it is said, knocks all thoughts of matrimony out of his head. He not only learns what it costs to dress a woman, but he realizes how they can talk.

Much of France, nearly all of Spain, and large portions of Italy are entirely destitute of forests. The tourist can travel day after day in these countries without seeing standing timber enough to make a decent-sized barn.

It is not generally known that the Autumnal tints of foliage are not produced in regions where the air is polluted with sulphur fumes. The leaves shrivel up and blacken without previously turning red or yellow.

There is a great distress among the Chinese laborers in British Columbia. They have burrowed caves into the sides of the hills, and for fuel they burn the settlers' fences, and for food steal their live stock.

An 82-year-old lady, living in Steuben county, N. Y., is as much at home on a pair of skates as a young miss of 16 years, and her aged but graceful form may be seen most any time among the young folks enjoying the enchanting slides.

Fresh water fish are reared in every Japanese farm where there is a pool or brook with as much care as poultry in the French cottage yards. Girls go in the evening with long wands to drive the fish into roofed tanks, where they are locked in for the night, to keep them from birds of prey.

The sinking mountain of Naiba, in, Algiers, is one of the most extraordinary of the many disturbances on the earth's breast. During the last couple years the mountain has been gradually sinking into the earth, a deep subsidence marking the place after settlement. This sinking is not attended by earthquakes, nor is it the result of a volcanic eruption.

The population of London has almost exactly doubled itself in the course of forty-one years, whereas the population of the rest of England has taken fifty-seven years to multiply in an equal degree. At the beginning of the present century out of every nine inhabitants of England and Wales only one lived in London. Now the proportion has risen to one out of seven.

After the battle of Kashgate, Soudan, the heads of the staff officers were shown to the prisoners, and then fixed over the gate of El Obeid. The Arabs resolved to build a tomb over Hicks Pasha in recognition of his splendid courage. He was the last of the staff, which all fell in one group, to die. The Mahdi ordered that no wounded men should be injured.

Sprats are so numerous in Scottish waters this season that millions of them have been sold for manure. Sixty tons of them were lately caught in the River Tay, and put at once upon the land. As there are about 72,000 average sprats in a ton, the total number destroyed must be enormous. They are wholesome food, but the cost of getting them to English markets leaves no profit for the salesman.

One of the most curious suits ever recorded was recently instituted by Mr. Kregelo, of Indianapolis, against Chas. Graham. Years ago Graham had a leg amputated, and it seems that Kregelo, who is an undertaker, has kept it in his vault ever since. The other day he began suit for vaultage, the account reading thus: "To vaultage on a limb of Chas. Graham for 108 months, at $3 a month, $504."

The Albany Penitentiary lays claim to the distinction of being the best conducted penal institution in the country. Its annual report shows that it has been self-sustaining and turned a surplus into the county treasury every year but one since 1851. Since 1849 it has met expenses, disbursed nearly $200,000 on building additions, and still has an income of $350,000 over all expenses. During the period 42,848 persons have been taken care of.

It is said that a lady seventy-two years of age, living near Snow Spring, Dooly county, Georgia, is the best farmer in that neighborhood. She has been a widow for thirty-five years, and has managed her own business successfully, and a few days ago she had more cotton bales around her gin house than any farmer in that region. She employs her own laborers, and, if necessary, will put on her spectacles, go into the field, take the plow handles and show an inexperienced hand how to "lay off" a corn or cotton row.

Tips are not now what they used to be, even two or three years ago, when the young men about town seemed to have a good deal more money than they have now. It used to be no uncommon thing for a gentleman to leave on the table for the waiter the change left out of a dollar after two drinks, or even only one, say 50 or 75 cents. Sometimes, too, if the gentleman was a little sprung, he would hand the waiter a bill, occasionally as high as a V, when he was going away. Now, however, a nickel, a dime, or a quarter is what is generally to be expected.—*Delmonico waiter.*

The death of Jean Trottet, at Geneva, recalls a man of an energy and courage which have seldom been surpassed. He was born without legs, hands or feet, yet he learned to write, fastening his pen at his elbow, and when he grew older became an active haymaker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off the village prizes for mark firing. He was independent and sagacious, and has left a widow and four children amply provided for. Tempting offers were made to his parents and later to himself by showmen, but were invariably declined.

Vennor, goose-bone, muskrat, corn-shuck and all may as well be laid on the shelf as relics.

The salary of the American President is $50,000 a year, Queen Victoria's income, including the returns from her property, amounts to £600,000, while the Emperor of Germany and King of Italy are each in receipt of a much larger sum.

NEW SPRING GOODS

FOR

Men's Wear,

AT

D. M. MOORE'S.

We are receiving our Spring Stock, which is very large and handsome, also very cheap.

Now is the time for you to pick out your Spring Suit. Come in and make your selection, even if you do not want it made up, we will lay it aside for you.

D. M. MOORE,

Schaich Block, - Main St.

Coshocton.

A FARMERS INSTITUTE

Will be held at

City Hall, Coshocton,

ON

Monday and Tuesday,

February 25 and 26, 1884,

Under the Auspices of the Coshocton County Agricultural Society.

The following Program has been arranged:

MONDAY, Feb. 25---10:30 A. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Prayer.
3d. Address of Welcome by Jno. A. Compton.
4th. Vocal Music.
5th. Paper by John Wagoner.

1:30 P. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Lecture by Prof. SCOTT---Relations of Agriculture to Political Economy.
3d. Paper by JOSEPH LOVE---Raising Fruit by Farmers.
4th. Discussions on above subjects.

7:00 P. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Essay by Mrs. L. L. CANTWELL.
3d. Lecture by W. I. CHAMBERLAIN---A Few Mistakes.

TUESDAY, Feb. 26th---10:30 A. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Prayer.
3d. Lecture by W. I. CHAMBERLAIN---Educational Influences of Horticulture.

1 P. M.

1st. Music.
2d. Lecture by Prof. TOWNSEND---Education of Young Farmers.
3d. General Discussions.

The above speakers are gentlemen of the best Agriculture talent in the State. Mr. Chamberlain being Secretary of State Board of Agriculture, and Prof. Townsend, Professor of Agriculture in State University, and Prof. Scott President of the University. The lectures will be free, and all are invited to attend.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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MADCAP;

—OR—

THE STORY OF A SIN,

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

BOOK II—REAPED.

CHAPTER XIII.

Be pitiful, O God!

Frank, left alone, sat down by Madcap's little table, all thought of Mr. Eyre gone in the delight that her words had given him.

"You have made me very happy," she had said, and more than that he could not have done, even to giving her up his life, and to-night it seemed to him a very little thing that he had taken upon himself, and the reward out of all proportion to the sacrifice.

His thoughts went back to that day in the copse, when she had known her one short, sharp, bitter space of misery—misery so quickly turned to joy as to be over almost before she had tasted it; and if afterward she had sorrowed for Hester's sake, and his sin, that sorrow had touched no vital part of her life, and she was Madcap still, in her brightness, innocence and youth, as she should always be in heart so long as he lived to guard her. And this presentiment, though scarcely of evil, that seemed to possess her to-night, meant nothing; it was only a passing mood, and to-morrow she would be as bright as she had been that morning. And then his thoughts traveled back over the day that had begun happily by his meeting her with the boys in the village, and he had persuaded her to go with him to see a pretty sight that he had chanced upon an hour before.

It was no less than a group of three young chestnuts that had burst out in a complete new suit of leaves and flowers, affording a marked contrast to the russet-brown matrons standing by, who had an air of by no means approving of such out-of-season frivolity.

They had stood silent before the curious and beautiful sight, then Madcap, looking up with something very sweet and solemn in her face, had said to him, "Frank, don't these trees make you think of a human life in more ways than one? of a life that has been happy, and all at once trouble came to it, and stripped it of everything—just as the chafers came in spring and destroyed the leaves of these trees—leaving them bare when those around were beautiful and happy, but now, in autumn, just when all the others are sober and dull, these have their youth renewed, just as that life might be even more beautiful and happy in its autumn than its spring."

"But there are some lives, as there are certain trees, that cannot be so renewed," Frank had said sadly; "once stripped of happiness, the heart never stirs in them again, and after all these seem to me the grandest trees, the noblest hearts."

"No!" Madcap had cried, "that which has once loved for love's sake, been happy for another's sake, may have thought it has lost all, but yet carries in itself the power to produce as beautiful fruit as any that have gone before, and a second youth is possible as to that tree which has so boldly reversed the edict of fate."

But Frank had shaken his head; there could be no second Madcap to him in the world.

And then they had stood still to watch the children go down the glade, dancing over the yellow leaves with feet as light as the hearts that wore them, and no instinct told the mother that this was the last time the little brothers would pass that way—the last time her eyes would follow them.

He wished now that he had gone all the way home with her, and so have averted that meeting which he feared had taken place, and that accounted for the excitation of mood Mr. Eyre had displayed that night. To Frank it was a lamentable failing in that strong mind, the incessant fear of what Hester might say or do; but he forgot that Mr. Eyre had only seen her in those fiercer moods when anger had swayed her, or when that mad, reckless determination to move him, that will often make a woman willfully degrade herself in a man's eyes, had carried her beyond both truth and honor. And to-night all his sleeping dread of that catastrophe to which he had tempted Mr. Eyre's violence of hatred might impel him, was once more awakened. This lethargy that Mr. Eyre had thought to mean decay, Frank knew to be natural as the snow-wreath that covers the earth, while, beneath it, busy life is at work, silently preparing its forces against the coming struggle, for even inanimate creation, as in our insolence we term it, does not achieve existence at a leap; and while brain and heart rested sluggishly, Mr. Eyre's strength was secretly renewing itself, whether for good or evil. The Necessarian, in effect, says, "Given the whole of the antecedents, the action can be predicted." The Fatalist adds, that the man himself has nothing to do with the antecedents. Democritus teaches that chance is at the bottom of all things, and so reduces life—all things—to very barren issues; not strength, truth, courage, nor ability, winning the race, but *chance*. And Frank wondered if this same chance had taken Mr. Eyre to Syngo Lane that night; but the thought was too horrible to be pursued; and Frank, pacing the room restlessly, longed for the library door to open, and his host come out to reassure him.

But Mr. Eyre, sunk deep in slumber, with the pen in his hand, could not have awakened if he would, so powerfully in a species of nightmare was he held; and when Frank, after restlessly waiting another half hour tried the door, and found it still locked, he resolved to wait no longer, for he had an errand to perform that night, and would feel no peace till it was accomplished. Half past eleven struck as he closed the hall door behind him, and at the same moment saw a black shadow flit across the courtyard, and disappear at the foot to the stone steps that led to the nursery.

"Hester!" he exclaimed aloud, with a sensation of intense relief that surprised himself; and as he passed below Madcap's window he paused and looked up at the light in it, and blessed her, and thanked God as for one who has just been delivered from peril.

A faint light issued from the room in which Mr. Eyre sat, and between the blind and the window-frame Frank caught a glimpse of him sound asleep at his table, his head sunk on the outstretched arms, a pen still grasped by his fingers.

In turning away, Frank struck his foot against a ladder placed against the wall, but of this he thought nothing, and in a few moments had mounted the stone steps, and found, as he expected, the outer door ajar. He entered, but not so quickly but that warning was given of his approach. As he gently pushed the nursery door open, a woman stole behind the half-open door of a linen-press, and stood there trembling, believing the new-comer to be Mr. Eyre.

Dody lay tossing on his bed, and Frank's heart contracted with a bitter pang as he looked down on his darling, who in dream-land clutched fast the pillow that represented to him his "mummy." Frank had been able to avert one sorrow from Madcap, but he knew that he could not avert this one; nothing short of a miracle would ever rear Dody to manhood now. The fatal cold caught on the spring morning when he had stolen out to gather that birthday flower, had taken fast hold upon him, and the beautiful little body in which the lamp of health appeared to burn so brilliantly, was already fevered and weakened by hidden mischief.

An inner door opened, and Josephine entered, starting back in genuine amazement at sight of Frank.

"Mrs. Clarke is here," he said, approaching her. "I saw her enter," he added, as Josephine held up her hands and eyes in contradiction, and called upon heaven and earth to witness that there was not a soul there save the children and their two selves.

"And the door that I found open," he said, "how is that?"

The woman gave him an inscrutable look from under her long lashes—how many nights had she not thus left it on the latch—then as he still looked at her, she shrugged her shoulders.

"The diamonds dazzled me," she said; "it was in thinking of them that I forgot the door. Ah! *mon Dieu!*" and she clasped her hands, "a man might die, commit a murder for a necklace like that"—perhaps it was of such a keepsake Mr. Digges had been thinking, when he had promised her—poor stupid fool that he was—anything if she would be his wife!

Frank smiled at the thought of the brilliant Frenchwoman as plain Mrs. Digges, but the thought did not cross his mind, as it would inevitably have done Mr. Eyre's, how in this stolid, stupid man's passion for the unprincipled woman lay the elements of a crime. He was thinking of Hester, and as certain that she was in the house, as that Josephine was ignorant of her presence.

He advanced to the inner room, followed by the nurse, and as they disappeared, a figure stole from its hiding-place, and with one rapid, passionate kiss on Dody's brow, passed out and down the stone steps.

CHAPTER XIV.

What ho! murder!

The night, its stillness, its peace, was suddenly rent in twain by a shriek so savage, so awful, that it drove the blood curdling round the hearts of those who heard, and for one helpless moment rooted them to the ground on which they stood, while their flesh crept, awaiting it knew not what.

Frank recovered himself first, instinct causing him to connect that cry with Madcap, though the voice was not hers; and scarcely knowing where he went, he ran like one mad out of the nursery and along the corridors, till he reached the opposite wing, where, attracted by the light shining through a half-open door, he pushed it wide, and stood trying to collect his senses, endeavoring to grasp the scene upon which he gazed.

In an arm-chair, drawn close to the window, sat Madcap, to all appearance dead, her white wrapper all disordered and stained with blood, while Mr. Eyre, standing beside her, held his handkerchief to her side, and on seeing Frank, made a gesture to him to approach.

He was still in evening dress, and no speck of blood was about him save on his hands, which were deeply dyed from the office he filled, but his voice was steady as usual when he asked Frank to ride at once to Marmiton, and fetch a doctor.

"Not one of these fools could saddle a horse," he added, with a look of scorn toward the servants who had hastened on Frank's heels, and now crowded together, sobbing, crying, stumbling, Josephine alone preserving her self-control.

It was she who was the first to observe that the window was open; she who cried out, after a hurried glance round, that the diamonds were gone; she who removed a little table from her mistress's side that held a handkerchief, a book, and a few trifles, bringing in its place a heavier one, upon which she placed the medicine chest that Mr. Eyre bade her bring from his dressing-room.

But, alas! alas! poor Madcap! The hand that did "medicine thee to that sweet sleep" could easier lay thee thus, still and silent, than rouse thee to life again; and as though conscious of the helplessness of his efforts, her husband suddenly ceased them, and carried her toward the bed, upon which she sank like snow.

As Mr. Eyre laid her down, he looked up. "Seize him!" he cried; and all eyes were turned to the window, through which a man's face peered—heavy, animal, fixed in a kind of fascination that held it motionless, when a dozen hands were stretched forth to grasp the man's shoulders, and prevent his escape.

"Poor wretch!" said Mr. Eyre contemptuously, as he recognized his gardener. "Let him go." But those who, in their zeal, had already rushed round to the outside of the house, thought proper to secure him, so that he appeared to drop backward from the window, and vanished in a yell of execration that made night hideous, and seemed an outrage on the quiet figure that lay as if asleep, each feature stilled to a peace that might not be rudely broken.

"Go!" said Mr. Eyre to the remaining men and women, and their habitual awe of him returned; they hurried on each other's steps, and he was left alone with Madcap. He laid his lips to that little cruel rift in her side, he kissed her clay-cold mouth, and swore aloud that he would never rest till he had found her murderer, and delivered that murderer up to justice; and then kneeling beside her, that beloved head on his shoulder, he listened for the sound of horses' feet that would herald a message of life or death. When we are at death's door, or in sore extremity, the man who has made the healing of the body his life's study comes to us as an angel of light, and as God's representative we receive and honor him; but when he has carried us through the valley, we scarcely turn our heads to thank him, and he is forgotten till sharp necessity bids us again summon him to our aid.

To Mr. Eyre, the short stout man, who at the end of three quarters of an hour entered, was endowed with supernatural power, when, after five minutes' patient application of certain remedies, Madcap's eyes opened and looked into his.

And without, Frank leaned against the lintel, cold and sick, scarcely listening for any stir within, so sure was he that death was there; but as he so stood, something cold slipped itself into his hand, and looking down, he saw Dody in his night gown beside him.

That terrible cry had awakened him as well as the rest of the house, though Doune had slept soundly through it; and finding that Josephine was not in the room, Dody had got out of his warm bed and trotted with bare feet down the gallery, secure of finding a haven with his mother when he reached her room. But frightened by the confusion, and fearing that he would be caught and carried back to bed, he had hidden behind a curtain, shivering with cold, until they had all gone, leaving the door shut.

He could not understand what they had been saying, but he knew that he should find mummy in there, only he had seen his father through the half-open door, and when the servants came out, he had not the courage to knock for admission.

As Frank took the little figure in his arms, trying to warm him and chafing those ice-cold feet, somehow he realized that no warmth could save him now—that death had struck Dody to the heart that night, even as it had struck his mother.

"Seep wiz mummy," said Dody, as he clasped his cold arms round Frank's neck, and even as he said it, fell sound asleep in the young fellow's arms, so that when Mr. Eyre came out to summon attendance for Madcap, the corridor was empty. Frank being then in the nursery.

The dining-room presented a strange scene. To one of the massive legs of the dining-table was firmly tied the man Digges, whose grimace of fear as he looked round on his body-guard, furnished that element of the grotesque that is seldom absent in any real tragedy. His stupidity of countenance was in his favor; he seemed too utterly devoid of the courage to conceive, and the nerve to strike, that the deed entailed, though possibly a psychologist might have found in the man's brutishness, all the elements of an accomplished murderer.

"Why couldn't you fall in love with one of your own sort," the cook was saying as the tears ran down her honest face, "and not take up with a bit of folly like that, as sets joolery a sight before vartue? 'When you can give me di'monds like mistress, I'll marry you,' sez she, for I heard her; but oh, Lord! to think that you'll hang for that wicked speech as put murder in your heart!"

"I never touched the diamonds," said the man sullenly; "I only looked at 'em through the window"—then, seeing the change in the faces round, stuttered in his speech, still further deeping his fellow servants' conviction of his guilt.

Few of the usual traits of vulgar curiosity and fear were visible among those present; intense grief for what had befallen an adored mistress, cast out the horror of the crime, and they thought less of the instrument, than of that young life now hovering between life and death overhead.

They knew that she lived—that she would probably live until her child was born, and then—and then—— but if strong and earnest prayer put up by lips not used to pray might turn the balance by its urgency, then Madcap's feet would turn earthward, and not toward those rushing waters that strike chill upon the feet of those that are fain to tarry on the shore.

As the night wore on, gradually the dining-room emptied of all save the prisoner and the gray-haired butler, who sat by the open door, straining his ears for the first sound that should reach him from his mistress's chamber. The women crept as close to it as they dared, more than one feeling indignant that Josephine should be within.

But in the awful emergency of the night, the French girl's wit and resource had shown themselves in an extraordinary degree; it was on her more than Mr. Eyre that the doctor relied at every turn; her head was cool, her hand steady as though nothing unusual had happened; even the room was restored to its usual order, and all traces of the cruel deed removed.

How did the night pass? Only when dawn came, it found Frank's broken heart healed, for he had fallen asleep with his arms round Dody, and in his dreams Madcap had come to meet him, and kissed his cheek as in the old boy and girl days together, and he had told her with tears how he had dreamed that she was dead—while she of whom he dreamed, and upon whose face the brightness of the golden city was already shining, with arms clasped round her husband's neck, was thanking God that He had brought her safely through the valley of the shadow of death.

CHAPTER XV.

Sunrise was slanting o'er the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in.

Day was breaking, not with foretaste of early winter, but vividly, like a page out of the missal of spring thrust in at hazard among the later chapters of the year. Madcap's heart swelled as she looked through the open window at the brightening sky beyond, then, as though the chilliness of the morning had touched her, nestled closer to the shelter of Mr. Eyre's breast.

"One thinks of God first," she said, as her hand stole up to her husband's neck, and rested there. "But now—now you've got two Madcaps, instead of one, to play tricks with you, and be jealous of you, and *love you!*"

She laughed out joyously as she said it; but something in the sound of her own voice startled her, and she clung more closely to Mr. Eyre.

"How weak it sounds," she said, with something like fear in her voice, "and I feel so strong and well; even that throbbing in my side has ceased; husband," she added, "could one dream a thing and wake up to find it *real?* Last night I thought that I fell asleep in my chair, and was half wakened by a sudden blow. I struggled to speak, to cry out, but could not; and when I opened my eyes you were bending over me, and there was a cruel pain here—but after that I knew nothing till I woke with the cry of my little baby in my ears."

"And who would harm you, sweetheart?" said Mr. Eyre, as he wound his arm closely about her side. "It was a bad dream; you'll forget it presently."

"It's forgotten now," she said, in that voice of pure joy, with that light on her face that each new motherhood brings to some happy few, as though the mother-heart were born over again each time there comes a new claim upon it.

But Mr. Eyre saw not that brightness—his face hidden in her hair, he was counting each breath she drew, knowing that each word she spoke, each weak pressure of the arm she gave him, carried her a step nearer to that unknown land to which, like a child ignorant of his destination, she was hurrying.

For Madcap was to be one of those who die "not knowing," who are gathered to their Father's bosom as children, the end of whose holiday is unlooked-for-rest—who have been scared by no grisly tales on the way, and knowing no fear of their Father, greet Him as the friend of whom their mother's lips have taught them—recognizing Him with passionate love as the reverent instincts of their youth recur.

Did Mr. Eyre add blackness to the sin that had slain her, when he resolved that she should set out with no more knowledge of her journey's end than of the deed that had sped her on her way?

He it was who, with iron will, had taken matters into his own hand from the moment he had discovered the crime—he who had administered chloroform to her in the very instant of her return to consciousness, so that she had scarcely felt one pang ere sinking into oblivion; and this he had done so ruthlessly, so entirely against the doctor's commands, that he had been warned by him that it would be murder if she died.

"I will abide by the issue," Mr. Eyre had said, and the whole night through never left her side, till with the struggling dawn had come a new life, and Madcap had awakened to that ease of body that in cruelly hurt people so often precedes death.

If a pang seized his heart to think that somewhere she would awaken lonely, unprepared, not looking to the glory beyond, but backward, stretching out her arms to those dear ones from whom she had set out with no word of parting, he put the thought by—she had no sin to repent of—others could pray for her, and deep down in the man's stubborn heart struggled vague inarticulate cries—it is by our human affections that we struggle up to those spiritual yearnings in which we recognize God.

"I'm so tired," she said, "but I don't want to fall asleep just yet—it seems almost wicked to be so perfectly happy, as if one must be paid out for it by and by—there was only one little thing, and that has come straight too, just in time—but I'll tell you about that when I wake up—and you won't be angry with her any more. And you'll tell Frank how well I am, and how happy—somehow I had an instinct last night, that something was going to happen—I'm afraid my little baby won't be 'very strong at first,'" she added wistfully, "but we'll take such care of her—you and I—and you always thought you could love something that was like me!"

"How quiet you are," she said, after a little pause, in which the ecstasy of spirit that possessed her, rose higher; "but you've had a long, trying night—lay your head down on my shoulder, and we'll both go to sleep—but I should like to see the children first."

"They shall come presently," he said, selfish in his love for her to the last, and grudging each priceless moment that was not given to himself.

"How fond they will be of her," she said, a faint smile gathering on her beautiful, wan lips; "and when I get up, I shall be able to run about, and jump and play as I used to do when you called me your Madcap, and I'll lead you to many a dance yet," the dimples showed in her white cheeks—"but you'll catch me up, as you always did, however much I might seem to get ahead at first and Christmas is coming, the happiest Christmas I shall ever have known."

Would it be? O, God! if he could only be sure of that—if he could only know that however miserable himself, somewhere she was happy—his one earthly stake had been her happiness, and if he won that, at whatever cost to himself he might surely be reckoned a man not worsted by fate, but victorious, since upon himself only fell the punishment of his sin.

"I think I could sleep now," she said; and her voice was weaker than it had been a few minutes ago; "but you'll call the children first——" then lay with her eyes fixed on the door, listening for the little footsteps that soon were heard approaching.

Dody came dancing in, half dressed, and ran to her, laughing; but Doune, who understood better, stood just within the threshold, his lip hanging, and his heart pierced by a trouble that he only vaguely understood.

Dody had climbed upon the bed, and thrown his arms round her neck, then crept under the coverlid, and drawing it up about his neck, tried to nestle to her side, and shut his eyes.

"Seep wiz mummy!" he said. "Is 'oo quite comf'ble?" he added, wishing that his father would take his arm away, and so let him creep the closer to her side.

She pressed the little curly head to her bosom, and kissed it; then beckoned to Doune, who came slowly, and looking at her with an earnestness that somehow threw a new light on his character, and made her kiss him all the more tenderly for the thought that hitherto she had undervalued his affection.

When Josephine had placed a little white bundle in her arms, she whispered to Mr. Eyre, "You'll kiss her first;" and this he did, but stooping his head in such fashion that she could not see his face, while on either side of her the little brothers gazed with awe on the mysterious atom that father had actually condescended to kiss.

"You've got a sister, my sweethearts," she said, as Dody came close, and looked in the tiny face that already seemed to have something of her own look; "and you'll love her, and be kind to her——"

But while Dody tried to take the baby out of Madcap's arms, Doune stood aloof, somehow convinced that it was the cause of his mother's looking so sick; and when her arms released their hold, and the two boys were led away, he was sure she must be very ill, or Dody's sobs would have wakened her.

She supposed that she must have fallen into a slumber, when, after a space, she awoke and found herself alone with Mr. Eyre, his arm still wound about her side, his head lying on her breast.

He asked if she were in any pain; but as the wife of Poetus, who, with calm smile and death-wounded heart, whispered to her lord, "Sweet, it hurts not," so Madcap, who knew no hurt, laughed and answered, that she had never felt so well, or so supremely happy, as now; then, as a child who nestles itself closer to the bosom of its mother, too weary even to lift its lips for a good-night kiss, Madcap fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

The corpse is calm below our kiss,
The spirit bright above thee,
Between them worse than either, we
Without the rest and glory;
Be pitiful, O God!

Dody and Doune had been kept close prisoners all the morning, and could not think why so many people kept coming and going, and why the villagers came to the door to sob and cry—Dody was sure they would disturb his mother, who was still asleep, they told him, and must not be wakened.

But in the servants' dinner-hour, he escaped into the garden, and there picked as big a nosegay of flowers as he could find. He was some time choosing a handful to his taste, and wondered at the liberty as he ran hither and thither, till he had got it to his mind. Then he crept up stairs, and sat down outside his mother's door, waiting till she should wake up, and open it. He wished that he had not got such a dreadful pain in his chest—it made him cough, and he had been told to be very quiet; but presently he would see mummy, and she would take him in her arms, and she would kiss him, and then the pain would go quite away.

He waited patiently for awhile, then kneeled down; and putting his lips to the keyhole, said in a whisper—

"Mummy! mummy!" then, as he got no reply, laid the bunch of flowers down on the threshold, and applying his two little hands to the lock, contrived to turn it, picked up his flowers, and went in.

The blinds were down, the room was in twilight. All looked cold and strange—that shrouded outline on the bed was strangest of all—that was not mummy; he would go down stairs and look for her.

As he ran out of the room, his face bright with the thought that he would so soon see her, he saw Frank approaching, and flew to meet him.

"F'owers for mummy!" he shouted, holding them up. "Me picked them for her all my own self, but me *can't* find her;" adding earnestly, as he slipped his hands into Frank's, "have you seen her anywhere?"

I don't know why the sight of a little happy child, running to his dead mother with flowers in his hands, calling aloud her name in full confidence of finding her, should pierce a young man's heart more deeply than if he had seen that child cry his heart out on her cold body—but as Frank caught Dody up in his arms, the strain upon heart and brain was snapped in a rain of tears that probably saved his reason.

"Don't ky," said Dody, kissing Frank's face; "mummy not like you to ky; mummy *love* you, and Dody love you too."

Perhaps if Mr. Eyre could have wept, he would not now be lying in the next room hovering betwixt life and death, so that it seemed likely but one grave would be required for husband and wife; but when his paroxysm was over, Frank felt the power in him to do that which it had hitherto unnerved him even to think of.

He carried Dody back to his mother's door, and, knowing his obedience, bade him stand without, for he would be back directly; then, with the door open and the little child behind it, Frank approached the bed upon which Madcap lay.

He gently lifted the linen from her face. His heart gave one convulsive shudder, and stood still. No tears must fall there, and the oath that he had come to swear by her pale cold body, died on his lips. Not of the death she had died, but of that life upon which she had entered, he thought as he looked upon her—

This could ne'er my true love be!
She was full of hope and light——
[illegible]
Could not yet have faded quite.

Somehow these were the thoughts that came into his head then. "And so all my love could not save thee, Madcap?" he said aloud, in his anguish. "Save thee! Art thou not better off there than here?" He covered his face with his hands, then, with one last long look, replaced the linen, and left the room.

"You has been a welly long time," said Dody, sighing, as Frank lifted him in his arms, and thought it but another vexatious delay when, half way down stairs, Frank paused, and laid his ear against the child's chest to listen.

It was but a slight sound that he heard; but it seemed to come from Frank's own breast, as he clasped Dody nearer to him, and asked him if he had any pain.

"Oh, yes," said Dody, wrinkling up his nose with an air of consequence, and laying his hand on the bosom of his frock; "sumfin' here. But mummy 'll make it well for me," he added, nodding.

"Mummy is asleep," said Frank, "and Dody would not like to vex her, and Frank will stay with him, and play games;" he paused, groaning, and turned aside—he could not bear the child's clear eyes upon him, and thought himself turning into a woman, so incapable was he of self-control.

"But she'll wake up bimeby," said Dody, with perfect faith; "and we'll take her the nosegay," he added, even while Frank noted that the flowers had already withered in the grasp of the little feverish hand.

He carried him to the nursery, where Josephine sat, crying bitterly, while Doune stood beside her, frowning, and the very picture of revolt.

"I'll *kill* him," he said, stamping his foot, and without perceiving Frank, "naughty Digges to hurt my mumma—when I'm a big man I'll shoot him dead;" then all at once threw himself face downward on the ground, crying out, "*Mother, mother!*"

Dody running to him showing him his nosegay, telling him that they would both go to see mummy presently; but Doune thrust him away.

"You're too little," he said; "you can't understand. She's *dead!*"

"No," said Dody, "grandpapa's dead, mummy put f'owers over his head; but mummy's only gone to sleep, Frank says so. Didn't you, Frank?"

Frank turned aside and asked for pen and ink, and sat down with Dody on his knee, who watched him with deepest interest as he wrote a telegraphic message to the most famous doctor of the day for diseases of the chest.

"But," said Josephine, who had looked over his shoulder, "the other doctor will be here soon for master. Can he not prescribe also for Master Dody?"

But Frank shook his head; and having dispatched the message, returned to Dody, who was rapidly developing every symptom of inflammation of the lungs, and long before nightfall was tossing in his bed, the withered flowers still firmly clutched in his burning hand, his little, unceasing, wistful plaint for his mother piercing Frank's heart. He was weary of telling the child that she slept, and Doune's absence (for he had mysteriously disappeared, and could not be found either in the house or grounds) caused him a new anxiety.

And alone, in the room adjoining Madcap's, Mr. Eyre lay, struck down by the hand of God at the very moment he most required his strength, his stertorous breathing alone giving sign that he was numbered still in the ranks of the living.

The great man, who arrived from London that afternoon, could give small hope of him. He feared serious apoplexy, and that Mr. Eyre might die unconscious; but there was no likelihood of a change for probably another twenty-four hours.

Later in the day came another visitor to the house, who took Dody on his knee, and asked to see his toys, listening, as if in play, to his chest; then after awhile, laid him gently back in his little bed, and thinking Frank the father, told the truth.

The child might live three days, it was possible that he would not last out two. There was lung mischief of long standing, precipitated into violent inflammation by a severe chill.

Dody smiled, and waved his hand to the great man when he went away, but during the night began to wander, and by daybreak had gone a long, long step of the journey that was to take him to his mother.

They had found Doune at last, rigid with cold and grief, beneath the sheet by Madcap's side—her chill hand in both his own, his aching head pressed to the bosom that would never shelter or warm him any more. But he did not resist when they brought him away, nor did Dody's illness seem to move him—he crept into the darkest corner of the nursery, thrusting away the food they would have had him eat. Frank realized then, as he had never done before, the intense power of loving that lay in that little heart, and knew how of the two, Dody's lot was the happier.

The tumult of confusion and horror without, at the crime committed, could not penetrate to the sick-chamber in which, night and day, Frank sat. He would see no one, take no steps to assist justice; for him the sick fancies of the dying child were of more moment then than the bringing to death the slayer of his lost Madcap; and all day long, fasting and sleepless, he looked at the panorama of Dody's short young life that the child's babblings unrolled to his gaze—all the great little events of his three years, all told—his childish troubles, joys, thoughts—each secret of the little crystal mind laid bare before him. I wonder how many there are of us who could bear such a scrutiny as that to which a child unconsciously abandons itself. We stifle our impulses or disguise them, but the child has no art to hide his. If we had time to pause and study the drama of the child, we should no longer dream of God but understand Him; and so long as there is an innocent little one in our midst, there is not one among us who shall dare to say it has not been given to him to look into an angel's heart.

And while he tossed in his little bed, Josephine, grown old and haggard-looking in the night, passed to and fro, mistress of the situation, virtually of the house, recognized even by those who shrank from her, as the sole person who had been able to meet the awful emergencies of the night and day.

To the questions of the detective, who had already arrived from town, she replied with a brevity and sense that contrasted favorably with the confusion of manner exhibited by the other servants, and even when asked if she had made that speech to Digges, to which the cook swore, she replied in the affirmative, but remarked that the man had no more to do with the crime than herself.

If it had already crossed more than one mind that she herself, with Digges's assistance, had committed the crime, no one dared utter the accusation in her presence; though when she was alone an awful look of fear came into her face, and a shuddering memory of the gallows she had seen erected for Janet Stork, took possession of her mind.

All that day justice waited, or moved in the wrong direction, while the search for the missing diamonds was carried on from attic to cellar, with the exception of that room in which the dead lay and the nursery.

As the night drew on, Dody became much worse, and wandered more—talked of his little kitten, begging Josephine to take care of it while he was away, and lay it in her bed each night to keep it warm—thought it was prayer-time, and repeated a verse of his evening hymn, breaking off into a merry laugh as he cried out, "Saw the Princess of Wales! mummy!" then, as though in answer to some question of his mother, added earnestly, "She looked very *luffly!*"—babbled of his little baby-girl, and of how he would wheel her about in his little "pram"—whispered in Frank's ear that he was going to get up early to pick mummy a birthday flower, but he must not tell Doune; then, as he grew weaker, talked less, but lay quietly in Frank's arms, patiently enduring those useless remedies that had been ordered, and that gradually the young man ceased, feeling them to be a needless cruelty.

Doune looked on with a bursting heart, he knew they were going to put his mother in a great black box like the one that had taken away grandfather, and he feared they were going to take Dody away in it too. But mother was silent, and Dody could talk and laugh; perhaps it was all a ugly dream, and he would wake up to-morrow to find everything just as usual—and he climbed into his brother's bed at last and fell asleep beside him. But as the night advanced Dody grew rapidly worse, and Frank, who had sent Josephine to bed, took the little restless body in his arms and walked with him to and fro.

In the deadest hour of the night, when the silent house showed from the outside but three lights from its windows, for the dying, the unconscious, and the dead, Frank heard footsteps coming heavily up the stone steps from the garden, and a moment after a hand groping for the lock.

His heart beat so violently that Dody stirred in his uneasy doze; in that moment he knew the awful fear that had haunted him, and which now took shape in what stood without, not daring to knock and demand admission.

For awhile he stood rigid, his eyes fixed on the door, half expecting it, though locked, to part and disclose a terrible figure to his eyes; but the moments passed, and an absolute silence prevailed.

He sat down with the child in his arms, and moistened the feverish lips with a cooling drink, carefully covered up the little burning limbs, all with no sign of haste, but intensely conscious of one thing only, that outside that locked door something crouched, and he must see it. He crossed the room and laid Dody down by his brother's side, and Doune, half waking, clasped his arms about him, so that they looked but two happy little lads fallen asleep on one pillow as Frank turned away.

He lifted a corner of the blind and saw opposite him the light burning in the room in which his lost, his murdered Madcap lay; his heart grew cold as ice, and the blood seemed to stagnate, and grew chill in his veins as he moved toward the door; and after a minute, in which his hand refused its office, unlocked the outer door, and set it open.

Something raised itself up, and came slowly toward him, then falling back, said, in a hollow, starved voice, like one in whom the life has sunk too low to furnish strength with which to cry out—

"I wanted Josephine."

By the light that came through the door behind him, he saw her plainly—haggard, wild-faced, and travel-stained, while about her right hand, outstretched as in fear, was tied a handkerchief soaked through and through with blood.

As he stood, not speaking, but with his arms outstretched as barrier to her entrance, a change came over her features; she tottered, and almost fell, then—

"He is dying—he is *dead!*" she cried.

"He is ill," said Frank; "but why do you come to him like a thief in the night? Where have you been all yesterday and to-day?"

She half looked over her shoulder to that light which burned in the opposite wing, then with a shudder and gasping cry, pushed past him, and ran into the nursery, where, seeing the little brothers asleep, and leaning their heads to each other, she fell down on her knees beside them, uttering a faint "Thank God!" Outcast, and a something intangible that in Frank's eyes shaped itself to guilt, were written on her face when she looked up and met his eyes; then, as one whose thoughts escape her, she said, in a whisper—

"She's dead. Do they know who killed her?"

He came near to her; then said—his loathing eyes glancing at and away from her blood-stained hand—

"Go now—escape before it is too late—for her sake—because there must be no scandal over her grave. I will let you go; to-morrow it may be too late to hide yourself from Mr. Eyre."

She looked at him vacantly, almost with the expression of an imbecile; and the thought crossed his mind that she was indeed mad, and not accountable for her deeds; but in the same moment Dody's painful breathing arrested her attention, and she cried fiercely, as she sprang up, and bent over the child—

"He's more than ill, he's dying. What have you done to him while I've been away?"

She stooped to lift him, but Frank put her aside.

"Can you touch him with those hands?" he added, certain by now that they were stained with Madcap's blood.

She looked down at them for a moment; then as Frank took the child in his arms she fell on her knees, with a terrible gesture of longing—

"I have loved him best," she cried, "give him to *me!*"

At that wild mother-cry, rent from a bleeding heart, Dody, opened his eyes with a start, and saw her. He smiled and stretched out his arms—

"Have 'oo come back?" he said. "But mummy's been to sleep such a long, long while, me can't wake her," he added, shaking his head sorrowfully.

She dragged herself on her knees to where Frank had moved, and prayed him, for the love of God, to let her hold the child in her arms but for one moment; but Dody took the matter out of his hands by struggling down, and throwing his arms round her neck.

"Seep wiz mummy!" he said, as his head fell on that soiled and weary bosom, to which, for the moment, he had brought back life and strength.

And Frank had not the courage to drag them apart, but stood aside, as she sat down on a low chair and rocked the child in her arms. Only he could not endure the sight, and with head sunk in his hands, threw himself down in a distant part of the nursery, and before long, worn out by the fatigues of the previous day and night, was betrayed into a profound slumber.

Hester held her breath to hearken to his until sure that he slept; then with a wild look around and upward, as one who sees help neither in God nor man, laid her haggard face down on the child's head, and through the chill hours of the night watched him, till with wakening morn the fever and restlessness in him grew; then as daylight looked in at the unshuttered windows, and on the sill without a bird boldly shot a ringing note, a shadow darkened the little face on which the watcher's heart hung, and for the last time on earth he opened his eyes.

"Mary Kismus, mummy!" he cried, in a clear, loud voice, as thinking that it was Yule-tide, and he had risen early to wish her a happy one; and so, stretching out his arms to Hester, as though she were his mother, he went but one step alone. And Madcap was never lonely any more, for Dody had found her.

* * * * * *

When Frank awakened out of the dreamless slumber into which he had sunk, it was to hear Hester's voice talking to what she held on her knees; and as he started up, shaking the sleep from his eyes, he thought, angrily, that she must be mad to disturb the child so.

Her eyes were dry, her voice was hard and uneven. She had uncovered his feet, and held them in one hand.

"Little feet," she said, "that will never ache, or stumble, or trip on life's path—little heart that will never suffer! or grow hard and cold—always young, always loving—little hands that might have done great work in the world, but will never fail now, nor succeed—little lips that never said a cruel word, though often and often they've prayed for some little thing and been denied—and Josephine was unkind to you till I bribed her—as if a tender thing like you had got a chance against a grown person—and the more cruel we are, the surer you are to come to us sooner or later with the tears running down your little cheeks, saying 'Me good now.' We are so strong and you are so weak; you can only fight us with your toys."

"O God!" she cried, breaking off suddenly in her monotonous talk, "he's dead—he's dead! And I've been talking to him, forgetting that he couldn't hear."

But long before the half-crazed woman had ceased to babble, Frank, realizing that his darling had set out on his long, long journey without one word or kiss to him of farewell, had fallen on his knees beside that little lifeless body, moved to a passion of grief for the child, that even the sight of his dead, beloved Madcap had not been able to rouse in his heart.

[*To be Continued*]

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NOTICE.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on the

6th day of March, A. D., 1884,

At 11 o'clock A. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate situate in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, to-wit: Being lot numbered fourteen (14), in the third (3) quarter of the seventh (7) township and sixth (6) range, as the same was surveyed into lots and farms, estimated to contain one hundred acres.

And I will also offer for sale, on the same day, at 2 o'clock P. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate, situate in the county and State aforesaid, to-wit: The north half of the south-east quarter of section eleven (11), in township seven (7) and range seven (7), estimated to contain eighty acres.

The first described of said tracts appraised at $4,700.

The second described of said tracts appraised at $2,060.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third in hand, one-third in one year, and one third in two years from the day of sale, with interest from date. The deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

JOSEPH FINLAY,
Adm'r of the estate of John Shannon, dec'd.
Jan26-4t.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of John W. Barkhurst. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly authenticated to the undersigned for allowance.

February 5th, 1884.

MARTIN G. HACK, Assignee.
Feb9-3w.

Executor's Sale of Real Estate

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday, the 15th day of March, A. D. 1884, at 1 o'clock P. M., upon the premises, the following described real estate, situated in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and in Adams township, and being part of the south-east quarter of section two (2), township six (6), range four (4) of the unappropriated lands in the Military District, subject to sale at Zanesville Ohio, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stone in the center of the Danville road, which stands north 54 1-4 degrees west, 80 links from a stone which stands in the center of said road thirty feet, north 5 degrees east of the north-west corner of lot No. 80 in the town of Bakersville; thence north 51 1-4 degrees west, one and 70-100 chains to a stake in said road; thence north 50 degrees west, eleven and 50-100 chains to a stone in said road; thence north 48 3-4 degrees west, two and 22-100 chains to a stone in said road, thence south 5 1-4 degrees east, eight and 93-100 chains to a stone; thence south 87 3-4 degrees east, three and 27-100 chains to a stone; thence south 75 1-2 degrees east, nine and 31-100 chains to a stone; thence north 20 degrees east, two and 74-100 chains to place of beginning, containing seven and 48-100 acres, more or less.

Appraised at $1100.

Terms of Sale:—One-third in hand, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale, with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

ALEXANDER LOVELESS,
Executor of the last will of Stephen B. Loveless, deceased. feb9-5t.

Dr. F. E. STOAKS,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Coshocton, Ohio.
OFFICE—Located in Forbes Block, 2d floor.
Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M.
Residence on N. Fifth street, near Irvington House. Nov10 1y.

AGENTS wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

Dr. E. H. Makemson's
Favorite Ointment

Will be found at J. F. Compton's Drug Store, Coshocton, O. Call and get a box. A special remedy for the cure of Itching Piles when everything else fails. No better remedy can be used for Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Fever Sores and all eruptions of the Skin. This remedy is made from Dr. E. H. Makemson's most favorite prescription.

Dr. E. H. Makemson's Favorite Ointment sold by Dr. Lawson, Warsaw, O.

Sure cure for Itching Piles from Dr. Makemson's Favorite Prescription, found at T. F. Neldon's, East Union, O.

Dr. Wm. Litten has for sale Dr. E. H. Makemson's sure cure for Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, and all eruptions of the skin.

Price per Box, 35 cents
[illegible]

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is absolutely the best ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the Hop Plaster. Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores. Hop Plaster Company, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

LAME BACK

For constipation, loss of appetite and diseases of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES
5 SPLENDID VARIETIES $1, all labeled, your CHOICE. 12 for $2. 19 for $3. 26 for $4. 35 for $5. 75 for $10. 100 for $13. Strong Pot Plants, for immediate bloom, delivered safely by mail, post-paid to all points.
WE GIVE AWAY in Premiums and Extras, more Roses than most establishments grow, and are the only concern making a SPECIAL Business of Roses. Sixty Large Houses for Roses alone. Our New Guide, a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70pp, elegantly illustrated, sent FREE.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co. Pa.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

THE ONLY WAY
Thoroughly restoring loss of vital power and to safely and permanently cure all cases of SEXUAL DISEASE, even those seeming incurable; further, particular information on Manhood, Wedlock, Impediments to it and their cure fully demonstrated in the standard illustrated work "Anchor of Hope," 150 pages, 25th ed., based on a German physician's experience of 30 years. Forwarded, carefully wrapped and post-paid, to any address for 25 cts. in post-stamps.—Addr. GLOCK & SON, Booksellers, 218 S. High St., Columbus, O.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
NEW SEEDS! CHOICE FRUITS!
All of the best, both new and old. Plants, Trees, Vines, Seeds, &c., by mail, a specialty. Safe arrival guaranteed. 60 choice, cheap, $1 Sets, for example:
12 ROSES Splendid Ever-Blooming $1
30 PACKETS Choice Flower Seeds, $1.
For the other 58 $1 Sets and 1,001 things besides, send for our Illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages, free. None better nor more reliable. Established 30 years. 500 acres. 21 large Greenhouses.
THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.
PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, OHIO

DAKOTA
THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN Railway [illegible] LANDS! [illegible]
MINNESOTA

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884
Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. Invaluable to all.
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.,
Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,
Corner Walnut St. and Burt Ave., Coshocton
Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
FOR SALE

In Franklin township, Coshocton county, Ohio, in a desirable neighborhood and a healthy locality. The property consists of 58 acres of Wills Creek bottom land and a stock of general merchandise. The buildings consist of one frame dwelling house containing 10 rooms, with good cellar and slate roof; good water, both hard and soft, within twenty feet of kitchen door; one medium sized tenant house; one store room, 18X62, with two side rooms, 2X32, and good cellar; good custom mill with two run of burrs; fine stable, accommodating 8 head of horses, and all other necessary out buildings.

Will dispose of all or part to suit purchasers, or will sell stock of merchandise and rent land and buildings. For further particulars inquire of John W. Cassingham, Coshocton, O., or address the undersigned at Wills Creek, Ohio. D. G. COOPER.
Jan26-8w.

NOTED WOMEN
OF EUROPE AND AMERICA
A new and elegant book by that most entertaining American writer,
JAMES PARTON.
A POPULAR BOOK AT A POPULAR PRICE.
Agents are making money with it. If you want any territory, apply at once to F. W. GARFIELD, Gen'l. Ag't, Cleveland, O.

PILES, FISSURE,
FISTULA & ULCERS
all kinds permanently cured at the PARK HOTEL,
Friday, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, March 8, April 5, May 4, June 1-29.
THOS. J. KISNER, M. D.
GUARANTEES A CURE IN EVERY CASE OF
PILES. Bleeding Piles, Blind Piles, Protruding Piles, Painful Piles, Itching Piles, or Fissure.
BY HIS NEW AND PAINLESS METHOD
NO CURE, NO PAY.
[illegible]

NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

HEREDITARY SCROFULA.

ARE you aware that in your blood the taint of scrofula has a prominent ...e? This is true of every one. It is lia... at any time, on the slightest provocation, develop itself in some insidious disease. ...sumption and many other diseases are growths of this impurity of the blood. ...OOD'S SARSAPARILLA has a wonderful ...er over all scrofulous troubles, as the re... ...kable testimonials we have received ...nistakably prove.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO.: Gentlemen— * My youngest son has always been ...ubled with Scrofulous Humor, sores in ... head discharging from his ears, and a run... sore on the back of his ear for two ...s; his eyelids would fester and ulcerate, ...charging so that I was obliged to wash ...m open every morning, his eyelashes ...rly all coming out he was exceedingly ...nty, most of the time eating but two slight ...als a day. We were unable to find any... ...ing that had the least effect upon him till ...t spring, 1876, we gave him three bottles of ...od's Sarsaparilla. His appetite improved ...nce. * * The back of his ear healed without a scar, and not a sore in his head ...ce. Sincerely yours,

MRS. N. C. SANBORN, No. 104 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.

We do not as a rule allow ourselves to ... our editorial columns to speak of any ...medy we advertise, but we feel warranted ...saying a word for Hood's Sarsaparilla. ...saparilla has been known as a remedial ...nt for centuries and is recognized by all ...ools of practice as a valuable blood puri... It is put up in forms of almost infinite ...iety, but Messrs. Hood & Co., (Lowell, ...ss.) who are thoroughly reliable pharma...ts, have hit upon a remedy of unusual ...ue. Certainly they have vouchers of ...s which we know to be most extraor...ary."—Editors Lowell Weekly Journal.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold by druggists. Price $1, six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

TOBACCO CHEWERS

A REWARD

$555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great

ZOO-ZOO

CHEWING TOBACCO TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, second highest, $90, and so on down to a 1lb. plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the

WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope. This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO. Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS

A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing"—Encyclopedia

SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!

H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers, 113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats ...ne is soldered on each side of a plate of ...ard nickel composition metal, and the ...ree are then passed between polished ...eel rollers. From this plate the various ...arts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. ...re cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engine-turning. The composition metal gives it needed *strength, stiffness* and *solidity*, while the *written* guarantee of the manufacturers *warranting* each case to wear *twenty* years proves that it contains *all* the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from *actual results*, as *many* of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through the gold.

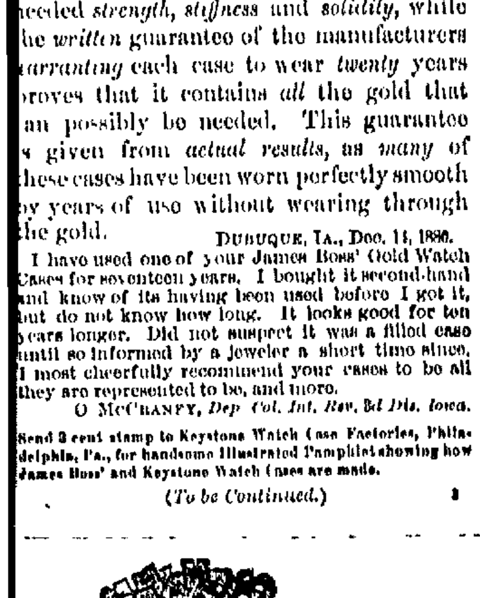
DUBUQUE, IA., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Boss' Gold Watch Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand and know of its having been used before I got it, but do not know how long. It looks good for ten years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case until so informed by a jeweler a short time since. I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all they are represented to be, and more.

O. McCRANEY, *Dep. Col. Int. Rev. 3d Dis. Iowa.*

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)



BASKET PLUG

TOBACCO

Is the best combination of the

CHOICEST LEAF, PUREST SWEETENING, DELICIOUS FLAVORING.

It is unequalled, and is the

(GREAT) AMERICAN CHEW

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

That the Old Favorite

WIGWAM

And the New Favorite

WIDE AWAKE

Are the best SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.

SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati.

R. E. FINLEY.......................F. A. WERNET

FINLEY & WERNETT,

DENTISTS.

Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main and Fifth Streets, near Depot. All business e... ...rusted to our care w... receive prompt attention —Dec.15'7

FARM FOR SALE.

193 Acres in Washington Township, Coshocton County.

145 cleared, 135 in grass, 50 acres of bottom, timber principally Oak, Chestnut and Poplar. Farm is in good condition, well watered, good spring at the kitchen door. The buildings consist of a frame house of eight rooms, a log barn 20X60, log stable, a grain house 24X28, corn crib and wagon shed, and other out buildings; 2 young orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. Two miles from New Moscow, 3 from Wakatomika. Convenient to church and school. For further information address JOHN P. HAMILTON

Report of Plains School.

For the month ending February 8 1884: Those whose average grade is 90 or more are: Carrie Balo, 99; Ida Murphy, 95; Mary Denny, 93; Dora Collins, 98; Jerry Balo, 95; Jenny Balo, 97; Laura Murphy, 96; Willie Jewell, 94; Mary Balo, 94; Minnie Marquand, 98; Ida Parks, 98; Bruce Jewell, 90; James Denny, 90; Emma Cox, 95; Lizzie Balo, 96; Will Frost, 98; Joe Skinner, 98; J. Skinner, 97; Leslie Filton, 99; Laura Vickers, 99; W. F. Balo, 95; James Filton, 99; Annie Balo, 99; E. M. Balo, 99, Della Marquand, 99; C. H. Skinner, 99.

Those who attended every day during the month are: Jerry Balo, Jimmy Balo, W. F. Balo, E. M. Balo, Harry Balo, Ben Collins, Leroy Jewell, J. Marquand, C. H. Skinner, Joe Skinner, James Tilton, Bruce Jewell, Annie Balo, Lizzie Balo, Laura Vicker and Joseph Balo.

H. W. McCONNELL, Teacher.

THIS is the way Chang, the Chinese giant, laid down the law to a Cincinnati interviewer: "You have none of the better class of our people in this country. You have only our worst class. Compare them with your own worst class. You say Chinamen can't come here; but you welcome drunkards and thieves from other lands. You call us 'Heathen Chinee.' We used type and printing presses a thousand years before you. You should see the farms of my brother near Pekin and Wenag Hoe. You can not make silk like this I wear. You call us 'Heathen Chinee,' yet the principles in which we are educated resemble closely your Bible doctrine and our legends correspond closely with those of the Old Testament."

How noiselessly the snow comes down. You may see it but never hear it. It is true charity.

Keep Out of Debt.

The best advice that we can offer is contained in the four short words, "Keep out of debt," says a popular writer. This should be taken especially by the young men. One of the most fatal steps a young man can make is to contract a debt. It mortgages his future. It means in nearly every case that he is living beyond his means. Debt is what ruins so many of our business men. They begin with small accounts and as their business increases they increase their accounts and finally their habits of living have become so expensive that the debts begin to far exceed the returns of business. The result is failure, disappointment and disgrace. A young man starts out in life. He is quick, apt and successful. He gains the confidence of employers and acquaintances. He is honest and upright, and merchants had rather have a bill against him than not. He is flattered by the confidence that is reposed in him. He buys fine things, goes in good society, and from a frugal style of living he branches out into an expensive style. At first his debts were small and he found no trouble in meeting them. But they have now become a burden, and to straighten things out necessitates a vigorous struggle. Self-denial comes harder than it once did, and the debt becomes a matter of worry that will not be quieted. If sickness comes, instead of having a fund to draw on, there is a deficiency that each day's illness makes larger and more difficult to wipe out. Things have changed since long ago. Then it was customary for the young man to practice self denial in his youth, to work hard, gain a competency and enjoy leisure beyond the line which divides youth from old age. Now it seems that the young man works on a different principle—his aim is to enjoy the sweets of life at once and save the labor and self denial for a future day. There is enough of pleasure—healthy, joyous pleasure—that comes with legitimate and successful work so that young people can afford to live slower for a few years that they may be better able to enjoy the years that follow.

Thrift is a stranger to these times. The tendency is in an opposite direction. Debt contracting is the rule, not the exception. Nothing should be more carefully avoided by young people. Debt is a great curse. It brings no comfort. On the other hand it is accompanied by worry and anxiety. The young man who keeps out of debt and secures a balance on the other side of the ledger, not only forms correct habits but he gains a satisfied peace of mind that cannot be secured in any other way and he stands armed and ready for an emergency when it comes.

Had an Object.

While a New Yorker was nosing around Birmingham, Ala., in search of a coal or iron mine at a bargain, a native accosted him with a request for 10 cents, and added:

"Only yesterday I owned a coal mine worth $20,000."

"And why don't you own it to-day?"

"Because a man got me drunk and coaxed me to trade it for an old mule."

"And how will 10 cents help you?"

"Why, I want it to buy whisky to get him drunk enough to trade back for a blind dog and an old shotgun. Stranger, don't let me lose $20,000 for the want of 10 cents."

He got it.—*Wall Street News.*

The phrase "tears of blood" has often been used in a metaphorical sense, but it appears to be a well-proved fact that blood may drop from the eyes. There seems to be no eye disease in these cases, any more than in that of Louise Lateau, the Belgian "stigmatic," was there any disease of the skin where the bleeding marks of the so-called "crown of thorns" were seen. The "bleeding tears" occur, as a rule, in nervous, hysterical young woman; but we may readily see how, in such cases, the addition of a little religious mania or superstition would easily convert a physiological curiosity into a "modern miracle."

The smallest invention sometimes proves the most lucrative. A San Francisco lady, inventor of a baby carriage, received $14,000 for her patent. The paper pail, the invention of a Chicago lady, yields a large income. The gimlet-pointed screw, the idea of a little girl, has realized millions of dollars to its patentee.

The First Anti-Slavery Scoclety.

From the Barnesville Republican.

Apropos of the death of Wendell Phillips, it may not be out of place to remind readers of the REPUBLICAN that the Great Reform of which he was one of the most noted advocates, the anti-slavery movement, began in the town of St. Clairsville, Belmont County Ohio, some fifteen years, perhaps, before Mr. Philips ever thought of it. When the future great orator was a child of seven years, Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker, who kept a saddleshop where Harvey Bumgarner's shoe store now is, with the assistence of Thomas H. Genin and four others, organized the first anti-slavery scociety that ever existed. Later Lundy moved to Mt. Pleasent, Jegerson County, and helped a friend, Charles Osborne, also a Quaker and a powerful opponent of slavery, edit a paper called the PHILANTHROPIST. Afterward, Lundy started a paper of his own, called GENIOUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION, which finally, under the editorial management of himself and William Loyd Garrison, became the organ of the anti-slavery and was a powerful factor in bringing about the great war and the wiping out of slavery. The first number of the GENIOUS was edited at Mt. Pleasant and printed in Steubenville, twenty-five miles away. Lundy walked to Steubenville carrying the manuscript in his pocket, and walked back to Mt. Pleasent with the first editionof Genious of Universal Emancipation in a package on his back. He started with six subscribers.

MR. W. H. McFADDEN, of this place, has invented a very ingenious contrivance for putting down carpets without the use of tacks. The model looks as if it would work perfectly, and save a vast amount of time and patience. Mr. McFadden has applied for a patent through Messrs. R. S. & A. P. Lacey, Washington, D. C.—[Cadiz Sentinel.

Now, if Mr. McFadden will just invent a plan to take down and put up stove pipes without the use of "cuss words" and to prevent skinned hands, the terrors of house-cleaning will no onger haunt the human race.

MERITED PRAISE.

The universal praise bestowed upon Kidney-Wort as an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the Kidney, Liver and Bowels, is well merited. Its virtues are universally known and it cures all reported on all sides. Many obstinate cases have succumed to it after they had been given up by the doctors and a thorough treatment will never fail to cure. Sold by all druggists. See adv't.

OFTEN the world discovers a man's moral worth only when its injustice has nearly destroyed him.

FASHION IS QUEEN. Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 pounds of goods. 10c for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

The merits of Athlophoros as a specific for Rheumatism and Neuralgia are best proved by the fact that it cures when other treatment fails. Says Mr. G. G. Thompson, of New Haven: "For twelve years I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Neuralgia, which attacked me sudden without warning, destroying all hope of sleep or rest. I have tried hundreds of remedies. With the exception of Athlophoros not one of them afforded me the slightest benefit. It has done me more good than all the other remedies combined."

LIVE on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will surely end in shame.

EIGHT YEARS' SCROFULA CURED.

A valuable correspondent, Albert Simpson, Esq., writing from Peoria, Ills., says: "Samaritan Nervine cured me of scrofula, after having suffered for eight years with the disease." Mr. Simpson lives in Peoria, Ill. Ask him. Your druggists keep it. $1.50.

THE weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single subject, can accomplish something.

DOWNS' Elixir has been a popular cough remedy for more than half a century. Sold by McNaughton.

WE judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

HUMAN BLOOD—On the purity and vitality of the blood depend the vigor and health of the whole system. Diseases of various kinds is only a sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause. A medicine that gives life and vigor to the blood, eradicates scrofula and other impurities from the it, as Hood's Sarsaparilla undoubtedly does, must be the means of preventing many diseases that would occur without its use. Sold by dealers.

To Repair Damages.

Dear lady, there is probably no use telling you that fashionable life in a great city is a rough one onyour beauty. Late hours, loss of sleep and mental excitement will leave you shorn of those beautiful tresses which drew lovers around you in other years. Artificial substitutes can never pass for those rich and glossy looks. Harker's Hair Balsam will stop your hair from falling out, restore its natural color and softness, and prove cleansing and beneficial to the scalp.

A Queen's Opinion.

What a peculiar feeling is experienced by Americans the first time they gaze upon royalty. Here in this free country where every citizen is a king and every mother is a queen, a peep at royalty or titled princes and potentates does not come very often. Morbid curiosity often leads our citizens to act unbecoming their high estate. PERUNA is fast making its way throughout the land and is becoming known. Everywhere that it is used by the sick and afflicted it makes wonderful cures and is given all the praise for its good work.

J. M. Queen writes from Johnstown, W. Va., that he has been sorely afflicted for several years but he was urged to try PERUNA, which he did, and he now feels that he is about over his trouble, and he considers it the greatest medicine in the world. He says he has to go or ...s and a distance of fifteen miles to obtain PERUNA, but it will repay him for this. Ask for ...t at the nearest drug store.

Manitoba Weather.

A correspondent of the Montreal *Witness* writes from Winnipeg: I assert with confidence that no person who enjoyed the winter carnival in Montreal last year would find the slightest discomfort here with the thermometer at the lowest figure it has been here during the daytime, ranging from 10 to 32 degrees below zero and lower. I remember distinctly one of those days. I sallied forth dressed in a fur overcoat and cap, knitted gloves and leather boots without overshoes. There was a slight wind—there always is a breeze here, even with the thermometer at 32 or 42 degrees below, as the case may be—and the smoke, looking like huge jets of steam, drifted to leeward in great masses as if from the funnels of swiftly-propelled steamboats. The snow sparkled in the bright sunlight like a carpet of diamonds, and the atmosphere was delightfully clear; I felt no inconvenience whatever. The air filled my lungs without any sense of pain, and I walked along without any thought of danger. Now and then a tingling sensation would be felt in an uncovered portion of my face for the first few minutes, but the exposed parts once being rubbed seldom troubled me again. My feet soon began to be cold, but a hearty kick or two and they were all right again, and in ten minutes I was as warm and comfortable as one could wish. If two gentlemen whom I met accidentally are to be believed, they each of them spent the coldest night last year, with the thermometer at 56 degrees, on the prairie, one driving or walking and the other sleeping. With the thermometer the lowest it has been this year, I have walked with pleasure in my slippers over and through the snow for quite a distance and with my hands bare.

Last year, I am informed, on the coldest days the refugee Jewesses were to be seen on the streets thinly clad, begging for jobs of scrubbing, but as fat and rosy-looking as possible. This year they are to be seen quite as fat, but warmly clad. My conviction is this: that when the thermometer here gets below 15 degrees it can dip to almost any extent without any appreciable degree of discomfort to those who are well-fed and warmly clothed, and the number here outside of this class is very small indeed. Those who least fear the cold are the best off in regard to it; for myself I always feel colder after looking at a thermometer, and in this I am not alone. It is quite a source of amusement on a cold day to watch the people across the street stop and look at the spirit thermometer, that registers about 12 degrees lower than any in the city, and then rub their ears, turn up their collars, and then bustle off as if something was the matter. With regard to the snow, it is frozen perfectly dry and does not adhere to the boots, in consequence of which wet feet are unknown in winter. It falls in the form of very small powdery crystals, which pack admirably, and form the most excellent winter roads I ever have seen. For this reason there is but one bootblack in Winnipeg during the winter, as everybody knows that boots require to be polished but once between November and April, which is not so much an exaggeration as might be thought. Not even among laboring men have I seen such a thing as foxy boots. The fact of the matter is that with a warm house—and there are plenty to be had in this city now—suitable clothing, chief amongst which is a fur coat or jacket, which costs from $25 for a buffalo upward, and plenty to eat, no one need heed the cold of this country. Driving, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing are popular amusements here, with which the cold seldom interferes; and as to the first, there are more fine drivers and fast horses than I have seen in any city in the Dominion. I have noticed here with great amazement that the coldest, or perhaps more properly speaking, the rawest, winds come from the south, and three hundred miles south of us the thermometer has ranged all along from 5 to 10 degrees lower than here.

A Terrible Mail Service.

In the February *Century* appears the first of a series of papers on the mainland and islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, entitled "The Cruise of the Alice May." The papers are the record of an expedition in the interest of the magazine. S. G. W. Benjamin, now United States Minister to Persia, contributes the text, and M. J. Burns supplies the pictures. Of the winter mail service between the mainland and Prince Edward Island, Mr. Benjamin says: "From January until May, at least, Northumberland Strait is frozen over. The mails are carried across at the narrowest part, near Cape Tomentine, or Jourimain, a distance of nine miles. The carriers drag a boat over the hummocks of ice which is provided with runners like a double keel. When they come to open water they cross in the boat. It is a dangerous and arduous journey, and few undertake it besides the hardy mail-carriers. For two or three winters past the passage has been made sometimes by the steamer *Northern Light*, constructed especially for this service. She has a frame of enormous strength, somewhat of a wedge form, with a solid shoe of iron at the bow; everything about her was planned to enable her to crush her way through the ice, which is often from two to four feet thick. Her course is from Pictou to Georgetown, a distance of some eighty miles, although she often has to go over two or three times that distance to reach her port. In all the annals of steam navigation there is no such packet service recorded as this of the *Northern Light*. Sometimes the ice is so dense that she can make no headway, but is jammed fast for days and weeks, or carried to and fro by the combined fury of ice and storms. The passenger who starts in her for Prince Edward Island in March has before him the horrors of polar solitude and hazard. In the spring of 1882 the *Northern Light* was three weeks making this brief passage, fast locked in the ice-packs. Sometimes she was carried close to the shore, but no one could bring aid to the starving passengers, owing to the threatening condition of the ice. It was only after burning all the woodwork in the cabin for fuel, and being reduced to the last biscuit, that the worn-out and hopeless passengers reached the destined port. Think of a civilized and enlightened people, in this age, shut off from the rest of the world by such a frightful siege of ice and tempest of snow! Nor is this an occasional thing. As regularly as the winter comes around, the islanders look forward to this long hibernation and isolation. Were it not for this drawback, the island might be a paradise."

"MI" is Chinese for "America." As "spelling reformers" the Chinese are away ahead of this country. None of our spelling reformers, who spell facts "fax," would think of spelling America with only two letters.—*Norristown Herald.*

Quick Relief!

When a man has suffered from Rheumatism only a little while, and is relieved from his pain, he is happy and delighted. But suppose he has

Suffered for more than a third of a century.

Alvin Grim, of Vale, Iowa, writes: "ATHLOPHOROS has helped me much. The pain in my limbs is all gone, but some lameness is left yet, and well there might be, for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with Rheumatism."

Mrs. A. B. Baker, of Chicago,

Had rheumatic pains in her back for fifteen years,

and Mr. Baker had been the victim of Rheumatism, until his head was drawn down over his left shoulder. Mr. Baker writes:

"Half a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS made me as good as new. My wife has taken the other half, and has not complained of her back since. She says her back never was so free from pain and ache as it has been since she has taken the ATHLOPHOROS."

There are many people who think that because they have suffered so long, and have tried so many medicines in vain, they must "suffer on their three score years." But you see what ATHLOPHOROS has done.

However Old your Case!
However Severe your Pains!
However Great your Disappointments,

Try Athlophoros

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.

SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,

By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby

CLEANSING the BLOOD

restoring the normal power to throw off disease.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS NERVINE

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.

A SPECIFIC FOR

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.

$1.50 per bottle.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Proprietors.

St. Joseph, Mo. (11)

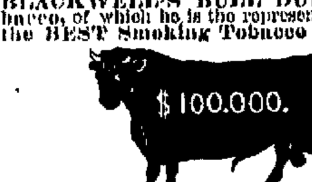
Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.

Sold by all Druggists.

Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill



We have spent over $100,000.00 in defending our right to the Durham Bull as our trade-mark. Undoubtedly he is to-day the most valuable Bull in the world. Now it stands to reason that we couldn't afford to protect him so thoroughly if BLACKWELL'S BULL DURHAM Tobacco, of which he is the representative, wasn't the BEST Smoking Tobacco ever made.



The sales of Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco far exceed those of any other brand in the world, simply because it has been, is, and will be, the best that can be made. All dealers have it. Look for trade-mark of the Bull on every package.



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The People's Shoemaker.



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,

Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

PE-RU-NA

Peruna is composed wholly of numerous vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the herbal remedies known to medical science. It cures without fail every case of

Chronic Catarrh, Consumption, General and Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Chronic Rheumatism, Diabetis, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Diseases of the Stomach.

If your Druggist is out of our pamphlets on the "Ills of Life," or if you are laboring under a disease not mentioned in it or in these advertisements, address the proprietors, S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio. (No. 4.)

MANALIN positively cures Constipation, Piles and Diarrhœa. Sold by all druggists. One dollar per bottle; six for $5.00. Directions in English and German.

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FOR TEN MILLION PEOPLE ARE IN

Minnesota, North-Dakota, Montana, Washington and Oregon,

ALONG THE LINE OF THE

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

Through the Great Wheat-Belt of America.

40 Million acres of the best agricultural, mineral, forest and grazing lands in the United States are now open for settlement.

20 Million acres of railroad lands for sale at $2.00 to $4 per acre, on 5 years time if desired.

20 Million acres of Government lands open to settlers FREE.

The Northern Pacific Country possesses great and rich natural resources ready to be developed into profitable industries.

For maps and pamphlets address and mention this paper.

CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

To reach the above named lands or any point on the Northern Pacific R. R. buy your tickets from Chicago to St. Paul via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. It runs into the Northern Pacific depot at St. Paul and is the best for you to take. Do not buy tickets unless they read over the Chicago and North-Western R'y.

EDSON BROS. Patent Lawyers. WASHINGTON, D. C. ESTABLISHED 1866

Specialty:—Patent causes before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms. Opinion as to patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

WEST BEDFORD,

Coshocton County, Ohio.

Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangement have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.

No. 21. 170 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 6 acres timber; nearly all in good sod, public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

No. 22. 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $60 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.

Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2500, average monthly sales, $600, stock profitably increased. sell or trade the whole for small tract of l...

FOREIGN

100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $20 to 50. Satisfactory information furnished.

160 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 80 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1500 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.

100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $30 per acre.

I will select in person 40 acre lots of unimproved tillable or prairie land in South-west Missouri at $65 per lot.

Referen ces given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.

Aug.18-6m.

FARM FOR SALE.

300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 30X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 76X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Grainary and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

G. W. NOLMAN, Aurora, Nebraska.

June23-tf.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

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Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready.

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

T. C. BREWER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in room occupied for a number of years in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson. Calls promptly answered. Nov24-3m.

HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,

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SOMETING NEW

ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,

THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.

All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in No. one style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.

Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may5-6m.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD



Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY. A new compound, entirely different from all other preparations. It is in the form of a fine ointment which is easily applied in the nostrils and ears, and reaches the seat of the disease by absorption. Pleasant to the smell, and most efficient in operation. For Hay Fever, also impaired Hearing, Sight, Smell and Taste, produced by Catarrhal disease, it is a positive cure. The most noted Physicians and prominent Druggists all over the land have given it their endorsement. We have the unsolicited testimonials of hundreds of prominent and reliable men, who have been permanently cured. Do not be humbugged by nostrums, prepared by the inexperienced and unreliable, but insist upon having this Excellent Remedy, compounded by a Physician who has made this disease a study for 30 years. Two to four bottles generally sufficient to effect an entire cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. It is a positive cure for Ear-ache. For sale by Druggists. Also sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 50c. single bottle, package of two bottles, $1.00. Circulars and testimonials free.

Address DR. P. HALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 630 State Street, Erie, Pa.

CAUTION.—Beware of counterfeits or imitations. The above Trade Mark will be found on every bottle, and do not buy without it.

INVITE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S ATTENTION

—TO—

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

The only 64 column paper in Eastern Ohio, and ask him to become a subscriber. Specimen copy sent to any address upon request.

HARDWARE, BUGGIES and WAGONS,

—AT—

COST.

E. McDonald intends closing out his entire stock of

Hardware, Buggies and Wagons, &c.,

And will sell at Cost any article he has now on hand.

Unless this stock is sold entire to some one wishing to continue the business, his store room, and shops, corner of Main and Third streets, will be for rent a... ...son be closed out, as it is his intention to retire from the business.

Any party wishing to engage in this business will find it to their advantage to call on or address,

E. McDONALD, Coshocton, Ohio.

NOTICE.

On the 10th day of January, in the year 1884, the Probate Court of Coshocton county declared the estate of Samuel D. Welling, deceased, to be probably insolvent; creditors are therefore required to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, for allowance, within six months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment. Dated Jan. 10, 1884.

GEORGE W. COOPER, Administrator.

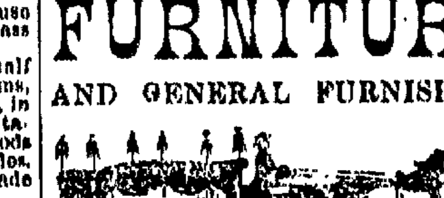
Jan12-6w.

D. ROSE & SON,

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UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS, BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS

of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK, Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

J. M. COMPTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: Eastside Public Square, in Equity Building.

JOHN D. NICHOLAS .... E. W. JAMES

NICHOLAS & JAMES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to suits in Law, Collections and all Law Business entrusted to their care.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

Farm For Sale.

One of the best Agricultural and Stock Farms in Caldwell county, situate 4 miles west and 2 miles south of Kingston, and 1½ miles east of Mirable, containing 240 acres, 140 acres in the farm proper, and 100 acres of timber and blue grass pasture land, 40 acres of it fenced; has 2 good dwelling houses, one has 10 rooms and a cellar, a good barn and other out buildings; the other one has 6 rooms (one not finished), stable, crib, etc., and the finest bearing apple orchard of select fruit in the county, of about 8 acres. A healthy location and the best water, and in a good neighborhood. It is well watered. Title perfect. Price, ($35.0) per acre. See diagram at this office. For further particulars call on or address,

ELIAS LANKFORD, Mirabile, Mo.

Feb2-3m.

T. C. TAYLOR & CO,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

224 N. COMMERCIAL STREET,

Saint Louis, Missouri.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FILLING ORDERS FOR

Corn, Oats, Bran & Wheat.

Correspondence Solicited.

Feb2-3mo.

Notice of Intention to Build a Bridge.

In compliance with section 877 of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Coshocton county have decided to build a bridge across the Walhonding river at or near what is known as the Rodehaver ford, in New Castle township.

Petitions and remonstrances for or against the location and construction of said bridge should be filed in this office and the same will be considered. By order of the County Commissioners. J. W. CASSINGHAM, County Auditor.

Feb. 9, 1884.

RUSKIN'S WORKS

Sesame and Lilies, paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 25 cts.

Crown of Wild Olive, paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 25 cts.

Ethics of the Dust, paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 25 cts.

Sesame and Lilies, Crown of Wild Olive and Ethics of the Dust, in one volume, half Russia, red edges, 50 cts. Modern Painters, Stones of Venice, etc., in preparation. Large catalogue free. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

PATENTS

E. M. MARBLE,

(Late Commissioner of Patents.)

Obtains patents for inventions in this and foreign countries. Will also attend to patent cases in the United States Courts. Office, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

$66 a week at home $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great Success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.,

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

(Corrected January 13th, 1884.)

—O—

Trains depart at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.
Western Express	*12:42 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:27 p. m.
Cincinnati Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	(5:18 a. m.
Columbus Accommodation	+6:14 a. m.
Local Freight	+8:30 a m

GOING EAST.

	Depart.
Limited Express	*1:48 a. m
Day Express	*2:10 a. m.
Eastern Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Dennison Accommodation	+7:10 p. m.
Local Freight	+12:30 p m

*Every day. +Except Sunday.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. MCCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass. & Tick't A, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont Virginia.

FITS STOPPED FREE ... DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER ...

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 16.—The Legislature met Tuesday afternoon, with a quorum in both branches. The calendars were disposed of and a number of measures were introduced to relieve the sufferers by the Ohio River flood. They are as follows: Senate joint resolution by Mr. Ramey, appropriating $200,000 for the relieve of the flood sufferers, the funds to be distributed by the Governor and the Adjutant General; State Senate bill by Mr. Elliott, appropriating $300,000 from the general revenue fund, and authorizing the Governor, the Secretary of State and the Attorney General to distribute the funds according to the necessities of the sufferers; House joint resolution, by Mr. Matthews, directing the Adjutant General to loan all tents and other articles of the State needed by the flood sufferers; House bill by Mr. Littler, appropriating $300,000 for the relief of the flood sufferers, to be distributed by the Governor, the Auditor of State and the Attorney General. Immediately after the reading of the journal in the House, Mr. Hilles, of Belmont, introduced a bill to authorize the Commissioners of Belmont county to issue bonds to the extent of $50,000 to relieve the sufferers by the flood. It was read three times under suspension of the rules and passed—yeas 71, nays 9.

Mr. Matthews, of Galia, reported back House resolution authorizing the Adjutant General to loan all tents in his possession for the accommodation of those who had been driven from their homes by the flood, and recommended its adoption. Mr. Matthews stated that the Adjutant General, much to his credit, had already taken the responsibility to furnish the tents, and he thought it proper to endorse that action. The resolution was adopted—yeas 70, nays 0. The House then went into committee of the whole to consider Mr. Littler's bill. Considerable discussion ensued, pro and con, and several amendments were voted down, and finally took a recess, pending the passage of the bill. In the afternoon the House postponed further discussion of the bill until 10 o'clock the next day.

The Senate discussed Mr. Raney's bill to appropriate $200,000 for the sufferers, for nearly an hour, at the end of which time the resolution was laid on the table and a bill appropriating $300,000 was taken up, read the second time and referred to a select committee which was granted permission to sit through the session of the Assembly. The bill was reported back Wednesday afternoon, amended so as to appropriate $200,000 and it passed. The estimated receipts in the Treasury are $6,091,317 62; estimated disbursements $5,609,230.03.

The session of Wednesday in both Houses was largely consumed in the discussion of measures providing for the relief of the flood sufferers. Owing to a lack of enough votes to pass the amended Littler bill appropriating $300,000, the House post-poned its consideration until Thursday morning. The Senate on the other hand has passed a bill similar to Mr. Littler's bill in all respects except that the amount was $200,000. The vote in the Senate on this measure was unanimous except Senator Williams, of Cuyahoga, who still maintained that any such measure was unconstitutional. He voted in the negative, and then had spread on the journal a protest declaring the vote unconstitutional. Late in the afternoon this bill was sent to the House, and under suspension of the rules was read three times and passed, the vote being 61 to 8.

The point was then raised that the bill had not received the necessary two-thirds vote necessary to make it constitutional. Speaker Marsh took the matter under consideration, and being unable to decide it was suggested that an opportunity be offered for a number to vote who had not previously done so; others wished to vote in the affirmative, and the result was 70 votes in its favor, just a constitutional majority.

No sooner had bill the become a law than Governor Hoadly appointed the following commission to distribute the amount: Chas. W. Constantine, of Springfield; John Byrne, of Clermont; Joshua Green, of Zanesville; W. H. Wallace, of Steubenville, and P. W. Huntington, of Columbus.

Our city has done nobly in the matter of contributions to the sufferers, over $15,000 having been subscribed at the present writing in cash, besides innumerable bequests of food and clothing.

The name of Thomas B. Bancroft, of Gallia, has been sent in by Gov. Hoadly, as Mine Inspector for the term [illegible] Robert Bell of Stark, will be Assistant Mine Inspector.

Many minor bills were introduced in the House on Wednesday. The most important was that of Mr. Fierce reorganizing the State charitable [illegible] to put all except the Penitentiary under one Board of Control, consisting of five members at a salary of $2,000 each. Mr. Fierce is a member of the committee on reorganization. The Board of Control is to consist of one lawyer, one farmer, one physician, one merchant and one architect or builder. They shall have power to make all appointments. It also fixes the salary of superintendents at $2,000 each, and stewards $1,200. The Board is to have an office at the State House, and all the other Boards of Trustees are to be abolished.

Thursday a number of bills were ground through. The most important ones issued were Mr. Brunner's bill amending the law for taxing insurance companies and Mr. Levering's bill in the Senate submitting a constitutional amendment to the voters of the State to the effect that all township officers shall be elected by the electors of each township, and providing that their term of office shall not exceed three years.

A meeting of liquor men from various cities of the State was held here Wednesday night to consider the feasibility of passing a graded tax bill.

The Legislature, Thursday afternoon did very little work in either branch, a good deal of the usual enthusiasm having gone with the various members who had obtained leave of absence to visit their homes in the deluged district. In the Senate the contested election case of Mickey vs Loomis was considered for a short time and then postponed until next Monday afternoon. The Governor sent in the appointment of Mr. Ferdinand Van Derveer, of Butler county, to be trustee of the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphans Home at Xenia, Vice James A. Hope, resigned, and the Senate confirmed it.

In the House the only business transacted was the adoption of Senator Godfrey's resolution providing for the printing of 4,000 extra catalogues of the Ohio State University; the passage of Mr. Beatty's bill allowing the Toledo Board of Education to transfer funds, and the introduction of two bills—one by Mr. Burnett, providing for the medical treatment of persons suffering from acute insanity, and the other by Mr. Johnson, of Williams, relating to the validity and revocation of certification.

Friday morning the work dragged in consequence of the absence of so many members, and it soon became apparent that the members remaining were not willing to work under the circumstances. There was a good deal of dilly-dallying with the little business on hand and finally both House and Senate adjourned until Monday afternoon at 3 P. M.

The feature of the morning session of the House, Friday, was the attempt of Mr. Brunner to call for an investigation of the manner of removing ex-President Walter G. Scott, from the State University, but it ended in a fiasco, after much bickering.

THE LEGISLATIVE MILL AGAIN AT ITS GRIND.

The Legislature, after three days' rest, reconvened on Monday afternoon at three o'clock. There was scarcely a quorum present and but little enthusiasm was manifested in the prosecution of the session's work. Tuesday morning the House and Senate presented a more animated appearance, and there were signs of a partial recovery from the demoralization caused by the flood. Many of the solons are still absent at their homes, on indefinite leave, and may not return this week.

Under the third reading of bills, Tuesday morning, came up the bill of Mr. Crowell amending the revised statutes in reference to the requisition of criminals by other States and Territories, requiring requisition without indictment, and guaranteeing a fee of five dollars to the Governor's private secretary for such service. Mr. Myers considered that the Private Secretary was too well remunerated already, and so the bill was reconsidered and a long discussion ensued. It was finally tabled until the following day.

Under a suspension of rules in the House Mr. Fierce's bill was favorably reported back, empowering county Commissioners to issue bonds for the relief of flood sufferers. It was passed unanimously. In the Senate Tuesday morning Mr. William's bill amending the Russell license law was indefinitely postponed. Mr. Bargar introduced a bill in the House Tuesday afternoon, dividing the State into circuit court districts. This constituted the sum of the business for Tuesday.

FARRAND.

Assignee's Sale.

I will offer at public sale, for a short time, all the personal effects of John Barkhurst, Roscoe, held by me as assignee, which includes his stock of groceries, one cider press and hydraulic power, one spring wagon, two two-horse wagons, two horses, one cow, one Jersey heifer, one lot of blacksmith's tools, two stacks of hay, &c.

Parties wishing to buy the entire stock of groceries are invited to call on me for prices, terms, &c.

M. G. HACK, Assignee.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. Charles Shambaugh desires to return heartfelt thanks to the neighbors and friends of her sister, the late Mrs. Rice, for their great kindness in awaiting upon her and caring for her during her recent fatal illness; and special thanks to Mrs. James Hay for preparing her for her last resting place.

MRS. JOHN BURT and Miss Lucy P. Hay will give a Pink Social in the City Hall next Thursday evening, the 28 inst. It will be a very pleasant occasion. Come and see for yourself.

S. A Markley's Birthday.

For some years it has been the custom of S. A. Markley and Ed Hanlon to celebrate their birthday anniversaries. On Wednesday, Feb. 13, the annual return of that event for Asberry came to pass. Early in the evening his pleasant home was beautifully illuminated, and the guests came in happy anticipation. After a little social chat in the parlor, supper was anounced. And what a banquet! The most fastidious epicure would have looked upon the long table with its choice delicacies artistically arranged under the mellow lights, with satisfaction. The host's cousins are well known for their skill and rare tact in making their home and table attractive, but on this occasion they even outdid themselves The confectioner's art, tropical fruit, rich and delicate pastries, the choicest of all these and all that goes to make up an elegant banquet, were called into requisition to adorn the table and tickle the palate. Smiles, laughter and repartee went around the festal board. After an hour or more of good cheer at the table the company adjourned to the parlors. Things went on as merry as a wedding bell, and some intimated to the host that they thought it was about time for his bell to jingle. The old homestead rang with laughter and the hum of merry voices until the wee sma' hours, when old St. Valentine claimed the day. The company congratulating Mr. Markley and themselves on the pleasant evening spent, took their leave, wishing him many happy returns of the festal day.

NOTE.—Accident: One gentleman seemed to think that the top of the door frame and the top of his head drew together rather curiously, and perhaps painfully, too. A. B. C.

How can you remain a sufferer from dyspepsia when worse cases than yours are being cured by Hood's sarsaparilla. Try it.

The Old Round Tower.

Those who visit Newport, Rhode Island, are shown the old round tower, which is one of the chief attractions of this place. This was probably built by the Norsemen early in the thirteenth century, and was used by them as a tower of safety in which to flee when attacked by the natives. It was their tower of safety, and if it could talk what volumes of history it could relate. Just as it was a tower of safety to the early discoverers of America, so is PERUNA to the citizens of our country to-day. As it is prepared exclusively from vegitable compounds and contains no poisonous minerals, it is peculiarly adapted to all who need a tonic for their worn out systems. Ask your druggist for PERUNA, and for Dr. S. B. Hartman's treatise on the "Ills of Life," or address Dr. S B. Hartman & Co. Columbus Ohio.

LUCK.

Luck will strike oil, discover a gold mine, burn down a house, break a leg, hang a man, and sink a ship. A great many circumstances in this world result from pure chance. Luck however, was never known to cure a cough, a cold, a sore throat, asthma, or catarrh, but Thomas' Electric Oil has been known to do it, and is doing it every day. Like an honest and faithful public officer, it wins friends and has a reputation Please observe what

Mr. N. McRae Wyebridge, Ont., writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil It is used for colds, sore throat croup, etc., and in fact for any affection of the throat and it works relief like magic. It is also a sure cure for burns wounds, and bruises." Orphia M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., says: "I upset a tea-kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. At once I applied Thomas' Electric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days."

Thomas' electric Oil can be used both internally and externally, and as a pain eradicator and wound healer we know nothing so speedy, so safe, so certain.

Legal Notice.

Alexandria Lees, John Boyd, Truman Boyd, Mary B. Boyd and Daniel Boyd, residing at Portland, Jay county, Indiana; R. A. Boyd, residing at Bounday City, Jay county, Indiana, and W. C. Boyd, residing at Lebanon, Laclede conty, Missouri, all of whom are interested in the estate of Daniel Boyd, late of Coshocton county, Ohio, deceased, as heirs, will take notice that I have presented to the Probate Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, for allowance to me against the estate of said Daniel Boyd, a certain claim for $652, for money I advanced for the use and benefit of said Daniel Boyd during his life time, at his request, and that the testimony concerning said claim will be heard by said court on the 27th day of March, A. D., 1884.

FRANCIS BOYD, Administrator of said Daniel Boyd.

Feb23-3t.

Public Sale.

I will offer at Public Sale at my residence, in Oxford township, Coshocton county, O., on Saturday, March 1st, 1884, the following property: Two work horses, two milch cows, one heifer, one brood sow, corn in the shock and crib, twenty acres of wheat in the ground, one McCormick self-binding harvester, one two-horse wagon, one buggy, one sleigh, one sett of work harness, one sett of single buggy harness, and a general outfit of farming implements, consisting of breaking plow, walking cultivator, Scotch and A Harrows, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. Terms made known on day of sale.

S. A. STOWE.

THOROUGHBRED

Short Horn Cattle FOR SALE.

The subscriber has a number of Thoroughbred Short Horn Cattle, of both sex, for sale upon reasonable terms. Parties desiring to improve their stock will do well to call on him at his farm near Coshocton, O.

B. F. RICKETTS.

Feb23-4t.

STATE OF OHIO, Insurance Department.

COLUMBUS, O., January 21st, 1884.

WHEREAS, The Home Insurance Company, located at New York, in the State of New York, has filed in this office a sworn Statement, by the proper officers thereof, showing its condition and business, and has complied in all respects with the laws of this State, relating to Fire Insurance Companies incorporated by other States of the United States.

NOW, THEREFORE, In pursuance of law I Charles H. Moore, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that said Company is authorized to transact its appropriate business of Fire Insurance in this State, in accordance with law, during the current year. The condition and business of said Company at the date of such statement (December 31st, 1883,) is shown as follows:

Aggregate amount of available Assets	$7,485,008 0
Aggregate amount of liabilities, (except capital) including re-insurance	2,825,511 04
Net Assets	4 659,492 55
Amount of actual paid up Capital	3,000,000 00
Surplus	1,659,492 55
Amount of Income for the year in cash	3,436 724 98
Amount of expenditures for the year in cash	3,262,068 98

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and caused the Seal of my office to be affixed, the day and year above written.

[L. S.] CHARLES H. MOORE, Sup't.

W. H. ROBINSON, Agent, Coshocton, O.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; 'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

AUCTION! AUCTION!!

RAIN OR SHINE, Saturday, February 23d, 1884.

At J. POCOCK'S OLD STAND.

For the accommodation of our Lady Patrons we have selected

Thursday and Friday, February 28 and 29, 1884,

As Auction days for the LADIES.

We will offer all kinds Brocade Dress Goods Plaids, Seersuckers and Ginghams, Jamestown Alpacas, Cashmeres, Silks, Satins and Velvets, Cotton, Cashmere and Kid Gloves, Buttons, Gimps, Laces and Embroideries. Towels, Table Linens and Napkins. All kinds Ladies' Neckwear.

WANTED.---500 Ladies to attend this sale.

BIGGS & CRAWFORD.

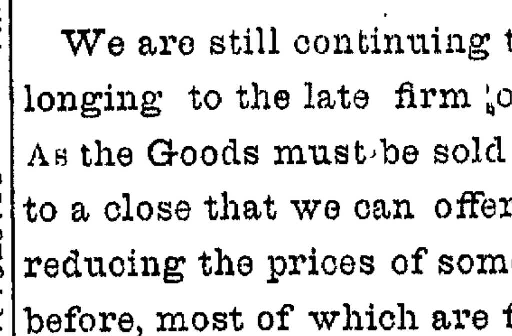
SLAUGHTERING

Assignee's Sale.

We are still continuing the sale of the Goods belonging to the late firm of J. L. SMITH & SON. As the Goods must be sold and the time is drawing to a close that we can offer at private Sale, we are reducing the prices of some Goods even lower than before, most of which are far below cost. Clothing we are putting at such prices that would justify even buying one year or more in advance of needs. Boots & Shoes, Dress Goods, Lace Curtains, Embroidery, Hosiery, Silks, Satins, Carpets, Oil Cloths, and other Goods down to Cost and far below.

JAMES Le RETILLEY, Assignee.

CHAMPION GRAIN AND FERTILIZER DRILL



POSITIVE FORCE FEED DISTRIBUTER

SPECIAL DEVICE FOR PLANTING CORN FOR THE CROP.

FERTILIZER ATTACHMENT!

Unequaled and warranted to distribute accurately, evenly and easily any commercial fertilizer, wet or dry.

Draft light and easily handled—construction simple—material and workmanship the best.

We also make the Whipple Spring Tooth Sulky and Floating Harrow, Cultivators, Etc., Etc. These Harrows are adapted for use in all kinds of soil and are the best pulverizers known. No farmer can afford to be without one. *Ample time given for trial before settlement.* Broadcast Grain Seeders with Sulky Harrows when desired. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

GERE, TRUMAN, PLATT & CO., 25 & 27 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarhoea regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflamation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOWS SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents per bottle. July 14, 1yr.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to all Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it.

ADAM'S FALL.

Ever since Adam's fall which subjected human nature to diseases of the flesh, there has been a demand for a blood purifier. We all realize the fact that upon the purity and vitality of the blood depend the health and vigor of the whole system, and that disease of various kinds is often only a sign that nature is trying to remove the disturbing cause; hence a blood purifier is of greater importance to the people than is generally supposed. We are pleased to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla bears unmistakable proof of being this sort of a medicine and we think it worthy a trial.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Seth McClain, late of Coshocton county, deceased.

Dated this 15th day of February, A. D., 1884.

W. C. FREW.

Feb23-3t

We Say we Do, But DO We?

Look at this and see. No sham, no blow, but an actual fact, for the

NEXT 30 DAYS

We will make the following sweeping reductions:

Men's all wool Beaver Overcoats, former price $13.50, now 10.00. Brown, Blue and Black. Men's heavy wool Chinchilla Overcoats, Brown, Blue and Black, former price $9.00, reduced to 6.50.

Men's fine light colored Ulsterettes, former price $10.00, now 7.00.

Men's fine Corkscrew Overcoats, green steel mixed and black, former price, $16.50, reduced to 11.50.

Men's fine diagonal, serge lined Overcoats, former price $18.00, reduced to 12.50. Men's handsome, satin lined, melton Overcoats, green, black and blue, former price $25.00, now 18.00.

Youth	Overcoats.	formerly	$12.00,	now	9.50
"	"	"	10.00.	"	7.75
"	"	"	8.00,	"	6.25
Boys	"	"	9.00,	"	7.25
"	"	"	6.00,	"	4.50
"	"	"	4.50,	"	3.00
Childs	"	"	5.50,	"	4.00
"	"	"	4.25,	"	3.00
"	"	"	3.50,	"	2.25
"	"	"	2.75,	"	1.50

And so on through our entire stock, we have made similar wonderful reductions. Come in and see who are truly liberal hearted, it will pay to buy an Overcoat and hang it up for next year's use.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHIERS, FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, E. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 250
Beeswax per pound	15
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	30
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8to8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	95
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	60
OATS—	40
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	16 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1880, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 3 50a3 75 good, 3 25a3 50; medium, 2 50a300.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a65c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a 25c; Creamery, 30a30c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 23a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 61-2a7c, Peaches, halves, a6½7 4c ro ddo, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 65a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 32a35; pickled 27a28.

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20to22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onion s 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 50 a55 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35a40; live turkeys per lb. 10a11c dressed chickens per lb 9a11c; dressed turkeys 16a16½c dressed duck 12 18c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 55cts; Burbank 50 a 45c: other varieties 45c.

RAGS—Cotton, White, per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 5 75a6 00, for small; 6 25a6 50 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 25a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a110.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 60a61; Yellow Shelled, 56a58; Ear Corn, 60a62.

OATS—40a41c for white, 35a37c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 60a62.

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75c, a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 5 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper, Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75a8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 8a8.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 22 00a 23 00; Coarse, do, 18 00a20 00; Seconds, 1800a18 50; HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 12 00a14 00 Prairie 8 00a8 50

East Liberty Live Stock Markets

February, 20, 1884.

It seems very difficult to get the market out of the rut. Emigrants are probably eating pork which Bismark denied them in Germany, for hogs hold well up in price, but the export trade is generally clogged, and though good beef and mutton are in demand low grade stuff is neglected. The Pittsburgh consumer does not reap the benefit, however, as if consignors do not get the price they want they have the whole Atlantic coast from Baltimore to Plymouth Rock for a market, as well, as all intermediate points. Though the receipts of cattle this week have been only fair the market has been heavy and 40c off last week's prices. The receipts of hogs also have been only fair, though the market to-day closed dull at a decline of 15c on Philadelphias from last week's prices. The sheep receipts were almost equal to the demand and the market closed firm to-day. Quotations were as follow:

CATTLE—Prime 1,400 1,500 pounds, $6 25a6 75; good 1,200 1,300 pounds, 5 50a600; 1,000 to 1,100 pounds, 5 00a5 50.

HOGS—Yorkers, $6 50a7 00; tops, 7 40a7 70; roughs, 5 00a6 50.

SHEEP—Extra 100 to 110 pounds, $6 00a6 25; 90 to 95 pounds, 5 65a5 85; good 80 to 85 pounds, 5 00a5 40; common 70 to 75 pounds, 5 50a4 25; lambs, 5 00a5 75.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two 2-cent stamps to pay expenses. This Herb also cures Night Sweats, Nausea of the Stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRADDOCK & Co., 1,032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!!

What some philosophers have said, "That all the wealth of a people is derived from the soil," is unquestionably true. That the earth is a benign mother, and is always ready to lavish her treasures upon her children, if they will use the means to work He who tills the ground reaps a reward in proportion to the effort he makes.

Elliott & Askrens,

Now Proprietors of the **Coshocton Agency**, with their long experience and careful examination of Farming Implements for the past 22 years, now hold the formest rank in the history and progress of Agricultural Implements.

They know full well that the Nation's progress is generally determined by the condition of the farmer. Where the soil is poorly cultivated, the community is bordering on barbarism, poverty and filth. But, as in the United States to-day, all the appliances of mechanism are brought to the aid of the Agriculturist, it is easy seen that our people have made rapid strides in civilization, wealth and progress, and the traveler will tell you, if he speaks the truth that where he has found the best and most intelligent farmers, there are the lowest occupants of the jails.

The proprietors of the Coshocton Agency, with their multitude of Farming Implements and Machinery, selected from the best and most scientific manufacturers of this Nation desire to be like the adventurers from Egypt when they rushed out into the countries of Syria and Europe, and carried with them the Agriculture and Arts from their mother land, and thus spread blessings of civilization through all the region round about. The Coshocton Agency believes that out of the blind instinct and necessity of man arose his most honorable and useful employment, that of farming. That to-day we enjoy the powerful influence of Husbandry handed down to us from the distant past. How much toil, care and accidental stumbling upon truth has been involved in all the wonders of the world none of us can but dimly surmise. But the

COSHOCTON AGENCY

In order to assist their patrons for the season of 1884, with the very best impliments and machinery at the lowest prices that Manufacturers can afford. They have been and are now negotiating with the best and most popular Manufacturers of the United States, for the best goods at the lowest imaginable prices. They will now offer goods until

The 20th day of March, 1884:

Chilled Plows, formerly sold at $11 for 6.50.

Diamond Iron Plows, worth $12 for 7.

Double Shovel Plows, $2.75; steele combination, full rigged, with extra point, worth $18 for 10.25.

Self-Rake Single Reaper, the best in the market, listed at $115 for 93.50.

Single Mower, latest and best improved, four feet 3 inch cut, complete, worth $75 for 58.

Eight Hole Grain Drill for $47.

The finest Sewing Machine, with all the Attachments, Walnut Finish, Drop Leaf, five Drawers, Ornamented and Nickel Plated, complete worth $50 for 25.

Garden Wheelbarrows, worth $6.50 for 3.50.

Iron and Steele Harrows listed at $28 for 15.

As we believe a nimble nickel is worth a slow shilling, we will take orders for or deliver the following articles at the lowest prices, and will not be surpassed in quality:

Harvesters and Binders,	Field Rollers,
Traction and Plain Engines,	Corn Cultivators,
Treshing Machines,	Corn Planters,
Saw Mills,	Corn Fertilizers,
Hay Rakes,	Plow Sulkies,
Hay Loaders,	Pumps,
Sulkey Breaking Plows,	Hay Presses.

And a multitude of other articles in our line, which space prevents us to mention.

ELLIOTT & ASKRENS,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, O.

Gold & Silver Shirt.

CHEAPEST SHIRT In the Market TO-DAY.



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